The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XVIII OCTOBER, 1931 No. 10

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 18 October, 1931 No.

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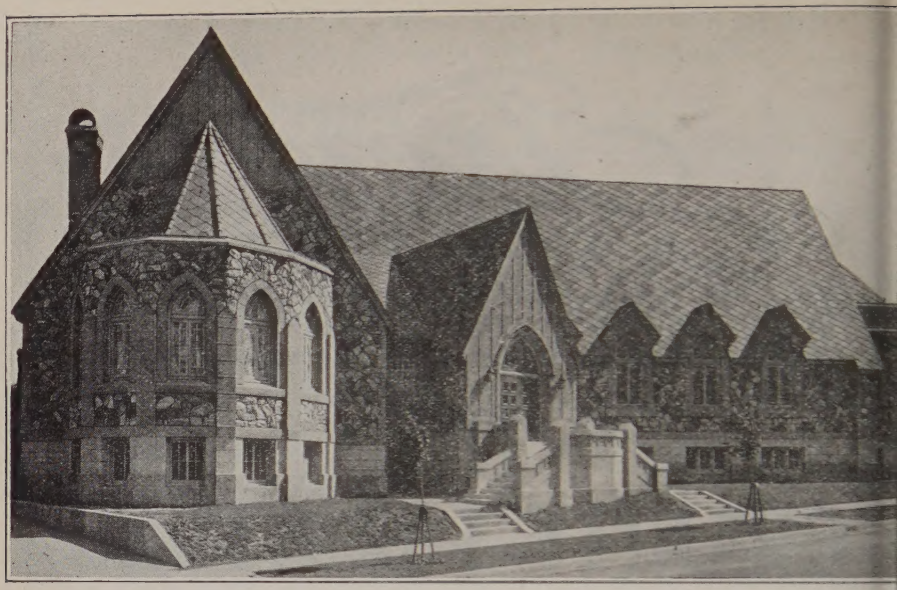

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Up Past the Stars to God

First Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the 1930 Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Up through the maze of achievement
Marking man's rise to power,
Ambition has flamed to cathedrals
A shrine and a reaching tower;
And women have knelt at the altars,
And children have gazed at the spires—
(Was it his hand that purified
Their emprisoning desires?)

Up through the maze of life's glories,
Up through the drab and dross,
Man's heart has yearned to the heavens,
Has yearned for a star and cross;
Each mother has seemed a Madonna
Foreshadowing Calvary—
(Was it his voice that pierced the night
And promised Eternity?)

Up through the maze of endeavor
To disentangle life's skein,
Man has pled for a gift divine
To quicken his labored brain;
And skeptics may laugh at visions,
And mock at the trusting race,
Humanity will still believe
That he has shown his face.

Up through man's body and heart and brain,
Faith, the eternal rod
Has lifted man's soul in ecstasy
Up past the stars to God.

mon was printed there were other manifestations by the angel of the Record to the youth.

Once the plates and the urim and thummim were taken from Joseph by Moroni, and later restored. And then, at the time of Moroni's appearances to the Prophet and the translation of the Record, the messenger appeared also to three others —Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris. All told, therefore, there were on the lowest count not fewer than seventeen times when the angel of the plates showed himself to and conversed with the Prophet.

Finally, some time in the first half of the year 1830, the Nephite Record was published in the form of a book, and we hear no more of any visions of Moroni, the son of Mormon, in Joseph Smith's *Autobiography*.

ALMOST simultaneously with these occurrences there was going on the spiritual events that culminated in the rise of a new institution—the Church.

In 1820, when Joseph Smith was in his fifteenth year, the young seer had an open vision in a grove on his father's farm in Manchester. God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son appeared to him and conversed with him there under the trees.

The purpose of this revelation, it would seem, was to make known the being and character of Deity to the youth, and through him to the world, seeing that to know God the eternal Father and His Son Jesus Christ is life everlasting and that such knowledge had been lost to mankind in the clouds of the Middle Ages.

So far as this line of events is concerned, there is an intermission of a little more than nine years. In 1829 the young Prophet, who was now in his twenty-fourth year, and his scribe or secretary, Oliver Cowdery, who was his junior by less than a year, received an open vision of John the Baptist, the forerunner of Jesus in ancient Palestine. The event took place on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania.

On this occasion the heavenly messenger, who evidently was a resurrected being, laid his hands on the heads of the two young men and conferred upon them the Aaronic priesthood. This priesthood gave them authority to perform the ordinance of baptism, but not to lay on hands for the bestowal of the Holy Ghost in confirmation.

Within the next six weeks Joseph and Oliver received an open vision of the ancient apostles of Jesus Peter and James and John the Beloved. Resurrected beings like the Baptist, they, too, laid their hands on the heads of the young men and conferred upon them the Melchizedek, or higher, priesthood. Also they ordained them apostles.

Thus the Prophet and his scribe were in possession of all the powers of priesthood, or divine authority necessary to set up a church in this dispensation and to administer in all the ordinances of the gospel of Christ.

Having received the necessary commission and authority, the next step was the organization of the Church. Accordingly, on the sixth of April, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. This event took place in the home of Peter Whitmer, in Fayette, New York. Probably nine persons, all men, had been baptized by this time, of whom only six con-

stituted the membership of the new organization.

The ordinances in the Church at this time were: (1) baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; (2) confirmation, or the "laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost;" (3) the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, a sign of fellowship and of a willingness to assume the name of Christ and keep his commandments; and (4) ordination to the priesthood, which admitted one, not indeed into a select circle in the sense the word is usually employed, but rather into brotherhood as large as the responsible male membership of the communion.

Meanwhile, also, revelations were received by the Prophet. So far as we know now, twenty-two of these pronouncements were received by him during the years between 1823 and 1830, including two received in April of this last year. Of these, ten relate, or grow out of, the *Book of Mormon,* either directly or indirectly, and twelve to matters not connected with the Nephite Record.

The revelations connected in one way or another with the *Book of Mormon* are: the "words of Moroni to Joseph concerning Elijah," in section two; instructions about what to do touching the manuscript lost by Martin Harris, in sections three and nineteen; something about witnesses to the *Book of Mormon,* in section five; revelations to Oliver Cowdery through the Prophet concerning his work as scribe, in sections six, seven, eight, and nine; and various paragraphs throughout most of the revelations in this period in relation to the coming forth of the Record.

Of the revelations connected with the rise of the Church distinctively some are personal to Hyrum Smith, to Father Smith, to Joseph Knight, to members of the Whitmer family. These include sections four, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen. Others are about the witnesses, the calling of apostles in this dispensation, and, especially, the organization of the Church, with the officers and ordinances and principles thereof.

As already stated, these two lines of events—the incidents grouped around the idea of the *Book of Mormon* on the one hand and those related to the rise of the modern religious movement on the other hand—go along, for the most part, side by side, almost without connection. There is, however, a slight relation between them—two slight points of contact, in fact—which requires brief notice.

One of these threads of connection lies in the fact that constant reference is made in the one set of spiritual pronouncements to what is the main thread of events in the other set.

Thus, for instance, Oliver Cowdery, who wrote the *Book of Mormon* as it was dictated by his companion, the seer, is told (section 6) that "a great and marvelous work is about to come forth unto the children of men," in obvious allusion to the organization of the Church and the efforts to redeem mankind. Others are told the same thing in revelations to them through the Prophet. In one of these the nature of the new movement is indicated. The Prophet, Oliver, and David are informed (section 18, verse 44) that this "marvelous work" consists in the "convincing of many of their sins that they may come unto repentance and that they may come unto the kingdom of the Father"—perhaps the greatest of all miracles

In the revelations that concern the setting up of a church organization

reference also is made to the *Book of Mormon.* Says the Lord, in a revelation in which Martin Harris is told that he shall have a "testimony," through the Prophet: "Whosoever believeth on my words, them will I visit with the manifestation of my Spirit; and they shall be born of me, even of water and of the Spirit."

But there is a direct connection between the two sets of events in one of the incidents that occurred during the course of translation.

It happened that one day the young seer came upon a reference to baptism for the remission of sins. This started an inquiry in the minds of both the translator and his scribe. Just what the nature of the question was, we are not informed. At all events, it was so grave that they decided to pray about it.

Accordingly, as we have seen, they went out into the woods on the banks of the Susquehanna river near Harmony, where they were staying at the time, to pray for light on the subject. In answer to their petition John the Baptist appeared to them in a vision. He conferred upon them the Aaronic Priesthood, which gave them authority to baptize for the remission of sins, and promised that they should receive the higher priesthood later, which would empower them to set up the Church of Christ.

In course of time this promise was realized in the appearing of the ancient apostles Peter, James and John the Beloved disciple. Following this event, as already stated, an organization of the Church was effected, with the necessary ordinances.

It will be observed, that the coming forth of the *Book of Mormon* was an incident in the wide sweep of events that led to the New Christianity.

What was the purpose in making known the *Book of Mormon* at this *particular* time in the rise of "Mormonism?" Indeed, we might very properly ask, For what specific purpose did that volume appear at all in this dispensation?

To be Continued

My Baby

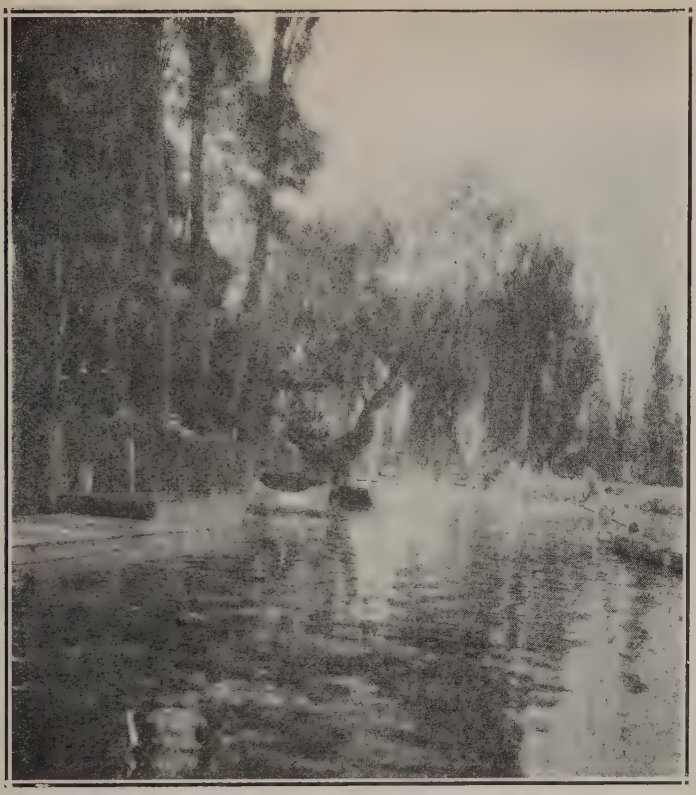
By Winona F. Thomas

I've a tiny boy—all ginger—
Turning up his toes,
Trying hard to eat them
As I'm pulling on his hose.

Fat round baby tummy,
Dimples in his knees.
Tiny brain that's learning
Nice new ways to please.

Coaxing for his bottle
Long before it's due;
Cross because he wants a nap
To rest those eyes of blue.

God, who sent this tiny boy
As part of your great plan,
Guard my boy and keep him your
When he is a man.



DREAMY XOCHIMILCO

Old Mexico

By Luacine Savage Clark

OLD MEXICO—what a flood of memories this name recalls to us of our early school days. How we struggled to pronounce those almost unpronounceable names—particularly that of the old volcano Popocatepetl: we finally succeeded by putting the accent on the *cat*. Now we learn that we were all wrong; this poor furry creature is utterly disregarded and the accent falls on the *te*.

From our school days we remember much of political disturbance, but again we were wrong with regard to our accent. Now when we study this wonderful neighbor of ours, we learn only of a land of beauty, blue skies, romance, and mystery, with a kindly hospitable people, loyal and lovable.

Some writer describes Mexico as a felicitious blend of the cold north and the lower tropics of Persia, India, Arabia, Spain and the Holy Land. People who have traveled extensively all declare that the Old World has nothing to excel the grandeur of the scenes to be found in Mexico. Here we have the architecture of Spain with the tiled roofs and arches. Venice in dreamy Xochimilco with its quaint boats festooned with blossoms, that can

carry you miles along flower bordered canals. Pyramids that are larger and more puzzling to the archaeologist than those found in Egypt. Here we have the azure skies and flowers of Italy, mountain scenery unexcelled by the Alps. Old cathedrals with their shining tiled roofs, with walls mellowed with age that have stood the test of storms and strife of four centuries. Villages quaint and old with their low flat roofed houses; women carrying water jars from the neighboring wells; burros trotting through narrow streets bearing women cuddling babes in their arms with the husbands walking at the side; all making the visitor feel that he has stepped back two thousand years into the past and is in the land from whence Joseph and Mary fled by these same means in their journey to Egypt. Mexico City, like our own beloved Salt Lake Valley, is entirely surrounded by mountains: three of these are volcanoes now extinct: they stand, with their snow capped peaks, mighty guardians of the secrets of this wonderful land of mystery.

AS you cross the border going south to Mexico you are transported to another world; customs, manner of living are all so different from our own.

It would be difficult to tell which one of all of Mexico's charms is the outstanding one. I think to the ladies, perhaps the flowers would take first place. Those of us in Utah who nourish the stately Calla Lily in a pot, protecting it during the severe winters, are amazed to see them growing, like weeds, at all seasons of the year along the water ditches without any care, and one can purchase an armfull for a few cents. Easter lilies in the States bought for 75 cents a flower at Easter time, are purchased in our flower markets here for 50 cents a dozen. Roses, immense Poppies, Gladioli, Violets of the finest variety, grow in such abundance around Mexico City and are so cheap, that we can fill our rooms for a trifle more than we would pay for a few fine roses at home. But perhaps the greatest flower surprise to the visitor is to be able to buy a dozen Poinsettas at Christmas time for fifty cents, or decorate, for $2.50, a long table for some elaborate dinner with Orchids, or a box of Gardenias for seven and a half cents which sell in New York for $1.00 a flower. In the fields on every side Cosmos and many other flowers which we cultivate with great care in our gardens grow wild in great profusion. Among the beautiful pines on the mountainsides are seen immense ferns of all varieties and gorgeous Foxgloves of every hue. I have transplanted some of the latter in the Embassy garden.

Besides the glorious flowers, Mexico's picturesque streets are bordered with flowering trees; the loveliest of these is the Jacaranda with its dainty, ferny leaf and huge bunches of purple blossoms, while in the gardens are the brilliant Bougainvilla purple and red topping the walls and clothing the houses. In the gardens are the banana and fig tree. Add to all this splendor the many varieties of Cactus with their red and yellow blossoms, and you have a suggestion of what can be seen in Old Mexico day by day through the whole year.

IN the midst of this glorious setting lives the Mexican, those who dwell in the cities and those who live in the country. Perhaps nowhere else in the world do we find people

of greater culture or more widely traveled than in Mexico. Scarcely a dinner guest who is not able to converse in English, French, and German. At a recent dinner party at the Embassy one of Mexico's leading physicians, with world wide reputation, speaking English, French, German and Spanish, widely traveled, seated himself at the piano and played as a master not only the classics, but his own beautiful compositions as well. Many of the houses are magnificent and a visitor receives a warm, friendly welcome. The children are always polite. The young ladies are chaperoned and guarded more carefully than most of our own young people.

Nature deals kindly with the Mexican who lives in the country and has provided him with everything necessary for his existence with but little effort on his part. From the soil anywhere he is able to make adobes for his home. From the many varieties of Cactus that grow all over Mexico he gets food, shelter, and clothing. From the flat leafed Nopal, which with the snake and eagle forms the emblem of Mexico, the Mexican gets much: he gets sweetmeats from the flowers that grow around the leaf, and the green leafy part makes a tasty vegetable when cooked; he weaves matting and wicker stools from the fibre.

From the Maguey, or Century Plant as we call it, comes the rich juice Agua Miel, or honey water, a specific for certain kidney diseases; fermented this juice becomes Pulque, the so-called national drink, the use of which the Mexican Government is taking long strides to restrain. From the Maguey pulp comes paper, vinegar and molasses, while thread, twine, and rope are made from the fibre. The ingenious Mexican uses the sharp thorn found at the end of each leaf as a needle. Some of the houses are thatched with the broad leaves of the Maguey just as our pioneer houses used to be thatched with straw, but this makes a better roof than straw, for the curl in the leaf acts as a drain to carry off the water from the heavy rains. The roots and lower leaves of the Maguey are roasted and from them are distilled two fiery beverages called Tequila and Mes-

DRAWING PULQUE FROM THE MAGUEY

cal, in the old days said to be a favorite drink of all classes. With the Organ Cactus, so called because the tall cylindrical branches resemble the pipes of an organ, many of the Mexicans fence in their little home plots. As each column is covered with sharp thorns they form a formidable barricade against all intruders. From another species of Cactus, called Soap Weed, comes a fibre which when matted together makes a cleaning mop for scouring bathrooms and kitchens and proves to be better than cloth mops.

MEXICO has two seasons, a we and a dry, with a mean tem perature of 65 degrees. The su shines nearly every day in the yea so the poorer Mexican has no lon cold winters to dread nor coal bin to fill. He is warmed by the sun shine nearly three hundred an sixty-five days in the year.

The Mexican is artistic; ever home, no matter how humble, ha its flowers blooming around it. Eac village has its weavers who mak the beautiful sarapes seen every where in Mexico, and the gay, use

CHURCH OF GUADALUPE

ful baskets so highly prized by the tourist. Besides these are the makers of pottery who furnish dishes to all of Mexico. Sugar cane grows everywhere in great abundance and furnishes the necessary carbohydrates for the children.

The Mexican is deeply religious.

The beauties and wonder of Mexico are becoming more and more known to the traveler and every week steamers and trains are bringing tourists from the United States and other countries. People are realizing it is not necessary to cross the ocean to Europe for vacations. Mexico offers everything that can be found in the Old World, with less expense and little inconvenience. While the people in the United States have been suffering in the intense heat this summer, we have not had one uncomfortable day in Mexico City and every night a blanket is necessary.

Drastic sanitary measures are being enforced, a vigorous campaign against the fly is being carried on, homes for those who have been homeless are being provided.

So in every way Mexico is coming into her own with an appeal that comes to all classes. The artist finds here beauty unsurpassed anywhere in the world. If he goes to Chapultepec Heights at sunset he may watch the gorgeous colorings on the snow capped peaks of the two lofty volcanoes as they change from deep orange to purples, then blues, and then fade to a soft gray, finally to be blotted out as night falls over Mexico City. This one beautiful panorama justifies a trip to Mexico. For the botanist there are the countless varieties of Cacti, tropical trees and flowers. For the archaeologist there are the centuries-old ruins, temples with frescoed walls, halls, and courts, pyramids, the greatest perhaps of the world. To the invalid and those seeking change and rest, Mexico is a panacea unexcelled in the world. Here the sun shines every day in the year; there is no extreme heat or cold. Mexico is destined to become the playground of the world.

SNAKE PYRAMID

The Old Teapot

By I. B. McKenzie

IT was one of those hot, sultry days that come just at the time when pickling onions, tomatoes, and cling-stone peaches demand attention, if the loved ones are to have the relishes they enjoy through the long winter months. Martha Wells had just slipped from the hot kitchen to the porch for a breath of cool air, when a friendly voice accosted her.

"Aren't you ready, Sister Wells? The president wants all visiting teachers and officers to come early, to receive their special instructions before the meeting begins."

"No, I can't go today, so don't wait for me. Have me excused, please."

"I'm awfully sorry you can't come along with me. I always look forward to our first meeting, for it is so jolly to exchange greetings with friends I haven't seen all summer. Goodbye, I'll try to drop in and tell you about the meeting as I go home."

Looking up the street Martha saw her neighbors, in groups of two or three, hurrying to the meeting house. She entered the house and closed the door, giving the impression that she had gone away, and, throwing herself into a chair, she covered her face with her apron, and had the good cry she needed to relieve her over-wrought nerves. She did not hear the door open, and she was startled when her young daughter, Margaret, put her arms around her.

"Why, Mother darling, what is the matter? Have you had bad news?"

"No, dear," and Martha hurriedly wiped her eyes. "I just felt a little blue. All the neighbors have gon to Relief Society, and I felt a littl lonely."

"Why didn't you go? You al ways love this first meeting, and I'm sure those pickles could have stoo for an hour or two."

All the pent up emotion of week was in Martha's voice as she said "Well, I just don't intend to go an more. I can't keep up with the les sons without the magazine, and it just a dollar here and a dollar ther and I simply can't afford to sub scribe. Will is going to need much at the U. next year and Bet can't go to high school in the made overs she wore at grade schoo With your father only working ha time, and one of the twins forev needing new shoes, I don't fee justified in spending a dollar myself."

With the arms of her first-bor around her she poured out he grievances and found as most of u do, that when they were out whe she could face them squarely, the dwindled to insignificance. She smiled up at Margaret and said:

"How foolish I have been! I a really the most fortunate of wome with such a kind husband and wonderful family. I am so proud Will's splendid record at the U and Beth has been so patient abo her clothes. When I see Siste Evans' little Paul sitting in a whee chair day after day, I should be gl that our twins are active enough wear out their shoes. Now, I fe quite myself again. I believe I clean the pantry shelves while yo are here to hand me the dishes.

is so hard for me to climb up and down.

Mother and daughter worked and chatted happily together. As they were putting the dishes back, Margaret said, "Mother, you have so many useless things on this shelf. Now, here is grandmother's old teapot, it is cracked and you can never use it. Let's throw it out."

Martha held it tenderly and a flood of memories swept over her. In her mother's day while there were no modern conveniences to make housework lighter, yet the housewives had had time to spend an afternoon with their friends, their busy fingers keeping pace with as busy tongues, as they knitted or mended. She could see her mother pouring tea for her friends. Then later when her conversion to the Word of Wisdom made her give up the habit of tea drinking she had found a new use for the old teapot. The egg money and other bits of extra change had been dropped into it, and many a time her mother had gone to the old teapot when she wanted some little luxury, her sweet kindly face beaming with pleasure because she could share her little treasure with a dear one.

A sudden resolution came into Martha's heart.

"No, no," she said, "I have a use for that teapot. It is too dear to me to be cast aside," and she put it back on the shelf.

A YEAR rolled swiftly by, and once again it was time for the opening meeting of the Relief Society. Just as Martha put on her hat, Margaret came down the street on her way to the store. She came in the kitchen door, just as she had done a year ago.

"What about your magazine, Mother?" she asked.

For answer, Martha took down the old china teapot and poured its contents on the table, a tiny pile of dimes—fifty-two of them.

"Where on earth did you get them?" asked Margaret.

"Last year, when we came upon this old teapot the thought came to me that I could use it as your grandmother did, as a thrift-pot instead of a teapot. A dime each week I never missed, and yet in the year it has grown to be five dollars and twenty cents. Now, I have three dollars for the block teachers—that is twenty-five cents a month; then a dollar for the magazine, fifty cents for my dues, and seventy cents to spend on material for my donation to the ward bazaar. So you see, with no hardship to anyone, I have been able to save for the coming year's Relief Society duties."

Margaret laughed and held her close. "No one else would have thought of such a scheme, but it's a dandy one. I'm going straight home and start a thtrif pot of my own. Three cheers for granny's old cracked teapot."

Death

By Carla Wever

Death is a path
We travel only once.
'Tis dark, but 'tis not long,
And fields at either end
Are filled with beauty
If we make them so.

Beyond this path
We may look back,
But not return.
That life is lived;
Another bids us come.

Habit Formation in Later Childhood and Youth

By Milton Bennion

IN the September issue of this magazine we stressed the importance of habit training in infancy and early childhood. We also noted the dependence of this period upon prenatal nurture and heredity endowment. Training in later childhood must rest upon all of these. It must seek to perpetuate and further develop all the valuable habits and tendencies thus far acquired, and to develop such new habits as are suitable to this stage of child growth. Those responsible for this training must take account of child nature and its laws of development, on the one hand, and of the nature of society and the goals toward which it is striving, on the other. The goal of training in habit formation can be attained only through harmonizing the highest good of the individual with the corresponding good of society and through striving to realize both. Account should also be taken of the fact, as already indicated, that what a person is at any particular time is, for the most part at least, the outcome of his original nature and his experiences of the past. In other words, character is a gradual growth and is all the time in process of formation. As the individual develops, however, his character itself becomes more and more a factor in determining its own future development. Thus the power of self-determination is all the time increased and the determining power of external circumstances is diminished. External controls are gradually giving way to internal controls. This is one source both of weakness and the strengt of moral training in later childho and youth. The weakness is e pressed in the old adage: "Let t child run until he is seven and y never catch him." Why? Becaus he is less subject to external contro among which are parental influen and other agencies for moral growt Furthermore, if he has been allowe to run wild he will be lacking in t stabilizing influence for self-dete mination that comes with the fo mation of personally and social valuable habits in infancy and ear childhood. The strength of the ca for training in later childhood that, beginning now, appeal may made to the child so to develop h powers of self-control and self-dire tion as to contribute to the comm good both of himself and of other He may, furthermore, be led to vi ualize the future and to see som thing of the relation of present ac to future attainment. Thus t moral imagination begins to fun tion; it may become one of the mo powerful factors for moral growt

By the time the child enters t elementary school he should ha acquired habits of regularity in ea ing, both as to times and as to kin of food and drink. He should lik wise have established habits of reg larity, of sleep, of physical an mental exercise, of personal clea liness (including elimination), an of other safeguards to his healt such as precautions against infe tions and decay of teeth. The should, of course, be constant fo low up training in case of each c

these sets of habits, while some new habits and others in process of formation may receive major attention. Among these are the following:

The habit of accepting responsibility for his own acts. It is not uncommon to hear a child try to shift this responsibility to someone else. This is natural in view of his earlier training if he has been taught to do as he is told. The habit of obedience to parents is, at this stage, sometimes transformed into obedience to other persons, attributing to them the responsibility for whatever is done. When a child's action in obedience to parents proves to be wrong the responsibility rightly belongs to the parents. The same is true of the teacher in the elementary school. In case of many children obedience to parents and teachers has been stressed above all else. This, it will readily be seen, contributes little toward developing the sense of personal and social responsibility. The child's responsibility is restricted to being accountable for doing as he is told. It is not extended to responsibility for the consequences of his conduct, so long as he is obedient to these authorities. Yet the assumption of responsibility for these consequences is one of the chief cornerstones of personal character. The structure of character, figuratively speaking, cannot go up without it. In what ways may the habit of assuming responsibility be developed? The simple, categorical answer is, "By having him do it." Our problem however remains, "By what ways and means?"

One of the most universally available means is that of the assignment of regular tasks to be performed without having to be further told or instructed—something that the child should do thereafter on his own initiative and by such means as he may devise, but always responsible for results. In case the job is not done or the results not satisfactory, pleasures and privileges that usually follow should be automatically withheld. Thus the principle that satisfactions should follow right conduct and the opposite should follow wrong conduct is applied. This is the basic principle in animal training. It is very important in child training. As character develops, however, the rewards and punishments may become more remote and also more subjective. External rewards gradually give place to internal or mental satisfactions; external punishments to remorse of conscience or, at least, to mental dissatisfactions. Until these come into the life of the child or the youth, external rewards and punishments should be continued. Let this, however, not be interpreted as recommending spankings or the use of the rod. Even animals can be trained by less violent means.

In addition to the opportunities for training in responsibility for one's acts in the home there are also available opportunities for training in community work. This is true in some degree of later childhood but in marked degree in youth. The habit of assuming responsibility for community life is one of the most important qualifications for the highest type of citizenship; yet one scarcely ever sufficiently emphasized. Various boys' and girls' organizations lend themselves very readily to this type of training; among these are, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Junior Red Cross, and the junior organizations of the various churches. Every boy and girl should be affiliated with one or more of these organizations, and should be trained to participate actively in some form of social work

for which he may be held responsible.

DURING the period of later childhood there should be gradual transition from emphasis upon personal obedience to emphasis upon self-control and self-direction. This change is imperative in the period of youth. To develop this habit it is necessary that the child be given opportunity in this line. Providing such opportunity is sometimes called the process of mental weaning. Unfortunately there are parents who do not know what this means; there are others that do not appreciate its importance. Mothers, as a rule, are more given to this offense than are fathers. There are mothers who cannot let go of their children, who never can quite realize that their fondlings ever grow up. An older child who continues, in this sense, to be a mama's darling is most unfortunate; a youth is, by this means, almost ruined; while an adult, under these conditions, must choose between rebellion and migration, on the one hand, and utter ruin, on the other. Any parent who really loves his child should permit him to grow up. This means that the child shall be encouraged to acquire the power of self-control and self-direction, another essential corner stone of character. Acquisition of this power may involve making some mistakes. If, however, the process of training in this habit is begun early the mistakes may be less disastrous and more easily forestalled in the future. Let the period of experimentation come while parental guidance is still easily available in case of need, and the child more easily susceptible to parental counsel.

It may be noted that in many homes nowadays there is a heavy strain upon the loving parent of the modern youth with his strange mixture of dependence and independence. His dependence on home for food, shelter, spending money, and personal comforts is much more marked in the present day youth than was the case of the youth of a generation ago. On the other hand his independence of opinion, and his resentment of suggestions that would fain curb the youth's ways of having a good time are the causes of many parental heartaches. The mother who has to lend assistance in a dozen ways to get her boy off to school on time cannot understand his independence in borrowing the family car without permission and joy-riding most of the night. All of which brings us to consideration of the next important topic; namely, the habit of having regard for the welfare of others. Without the addition of this habit that of self-direction is without moral value.

By nature and habit the child may be so absorbed in his own purposes that he may overlook the effect of his activities upon others. His attention should be drawn, in kindly spirit, on suitable occasions, to any such oversights. One of the troubles in child training in the home is that all too often trespass upon the rights of others is met by resentment and counter irritants that tend to forestall the possibility of reasonable and friendly consideration of the problems at issue. Thoughtfulness and kindly consideration for others does not, as a rule, develop in such an atmosphere. On the other hand the ability of the one disturbed or injured to face the situation calmly and rationally tends to bring forth a like attitude in the one causing the disturbance or injury. It is in these matters especially that the habit should be cultivated of foreseeing the possible consequences of what one is doing, and making this foresight of consequence a factor in de-

termining conduct and of stimulating a keen sense of responsibility for these consequences.

This goal is scarcely attained by many well meaning adults. The only hope of its being generally realized lies in beginning early the formation of this habit. Training in the process, to be successful, will have to be in part at least through thoughtful conversations with young people, conversations that will lead them to see for themselves the consequences of various types of conduct and to cultivate in themselves the habit of visualizing before acting the possible consequences of what they do.

In this connection the feeling element is also a strong determining factor. This may be most difficult to manage. It is well known, however, that feeling responds to feeling, if not to reason. Feeling for the welfare of others on the part of a youth is, therefore, stimulated by manifestation of this feeling toward him. As to the relative importance of feeling and thought in determining conduct, phychologists differ. Some recent experiments, however, seem to uphold the opinion of William James, expressed a generation ago; namely, that thought is one of the most potent factors in determining conduct. It is generally recognized that thought is more easily and more directly controlled than is feeling. Professor James would say keep the mind thinking about kindly deeds and you will reap kindly actions. It is quite certain that this plan will be helpful in forming the habit of consideration for the welfare of others.

CLOSELY akin to regard for the welfare of others is the habit of feeling and of expressing gratitude for kindnesses received. Children are especially prone to accept favors from parents as nothing more than their due and to manifest no sense of gratitude in return. Parents can never secure this gratitude by demanding it; they may more easily, however, stimulate the habit of gratitude by conversations with their young people in regard to favors they have received from others, and the means whereby they may express their appreciation. This may be by giving respectful attention to the Sunday School teacher, the scout leader, or other unpaid, volunteer workers with young people.

Gratitude involves recognition of the merits of others; this recognition may be extended to the habit of good will toward the fortunate as well as toward the unfortunate. Such habits of thought and feeling are the most powerful factors in leading to commendable actions.

AS to whether one looks upon the bright or upon the dark side of life is also largely a matter of habit; either one may be cultivated early in life. In determining which it shall be, home influence is probably the major factor. In case father and mother are appreciative of all the good that comes to them and uncomplaining about the evil their example will be contagious, as its opposite would also be. Yet there are cases where the youth develops the pessimistic habit in spite of parental example to the contrary. This sometimes comes about through ill-health. In other cases, however, it seems to be the consequence of over-indulgence; that is, a parental habit of doing too much for the youth, doing for him what he should have the habit of doing for himself. The youth thus indulged and free from responsibilities may get the habit of over-reflecting upon his own likes

and dislikes, and especially upon what he would like to have that he hasn't got, and why father and mother do not provide it. Thus develops a self-centered habit of mind, a habit of ungrateful dependence upon parents for all economic needs. This habit of mind is quite sure to lead to a selfish and negative attitude toward society.

On the contrary, a youth who has been trained in all the other good habits here enumerated will normally develop a wholesome outlook upon life. A person who is absorbed in the pursuit of worthy causes, causes that have to do with accomplishment of ends quite beyond himself, develops the objective type of mind. His merely personal wants become lost in his objective accomplishments, which in turn, commonly provide means to meet his personal needs. There is then no need of his helplessly leaning upon others. One with this habit of mind is more inclined to think of helping than of being helped. The joys of life come to him in large measure through his helping activities. Thus he realizes the truth of that notable saying of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Realization of this truth in practice is the surest guarantee against a pessimistic habit of mind; hence the value of training young people in thoughtfulness for the welfare of others and the habit of doing something about the house. The foundation of these habits should be laid in the home, where each member should be trained to have thought for the welfare of each and every other member of the household. A father may well converse privately with sons and daughters about their mother's needs, and as to how they may contribute to her health and happiness by acts of kindness and helpful service. These conversations should, of course, lead to definite conclusions and plans of action to realize the desired goals. This may involve definite assignment of household duties, a sharing of these duties by each member having the necessary strength and degree of maturity. This again may involve, as a matter of business efficiency, the budgeting of the time of each member old enough to participate in home responsibilities. These members of the household may also very well be informed as to the nature and condition of the family financial budget. By this means they may develop a rational attitude toward family finance and become quite willing to earn their own pocket money, and, as they mature, to acquire the habit of providing their own clothing or other necessity. This type of independence is an important factor in developing men and women, and in creating a wholesome attitude toward life. A youth thus trained is also more likely to take a rational view of parental counsel than is the youth who in economic matters is wholly dependent.

Concentration upon realization of the habits thus far enumerated leads, by implication, to the exclusion of undesirable habits, to the dangers of which youth is sometimes exposed. A youth who has acquired the habit of thinking of the consequences of the various types of conduct that may come to his attention, and who appreciates the joys of positive accomplishments, both in his own development and in the service of others, will not knowingly and willingly indulge in formation of habits that hinder realization of life's purposes.

Among these habits are: the use of intoxicating beverages, the use

of narcotics and stimulants, sexual immoralities, untruthfulness, or other forms of dishonesty. The most efficient methods of habit training will, by emphasis upon development of the good, generally forestall formation of any such detrimental habits. Yet there are times when a little sane, well-informed conversation about the consequences of evil habits that youth may observe in others, and may himself be tempted to form, will be quite helpful. It is, of course, much better that precautions against evil practice be taken before formation of such habits is under way. Neither parents nor teachers should lean too heavily upon the protection which the law is presumed to afford. The surest protection to youth is inner fortification against evil which comes only through adequate understanding of the facts involved, thoughtfulness in regard to the consequences, keen appreciation of the ultimate values of life, a sense of obligation to fellowmen, and regard for the highest good of all. It is by this means that evil may be overcome with good.

III—Summary of Principles Relating to Habit Training

MERE repetition of an act may not create a habit. So long as this repetition is due to external compulsion there is no guarantee of formation of the habit. The practice may cease as soon as external compulsion is removed. External compulsion should, therefore, be replaced, as soon as possible, with development of adequate motives in the mind of the child or youth; or the activity should bring satisfactions that will lead to regularity in performance without external compulsion.

Those responsible for training the immature should never overlook the fact that in later childhood and youth there is gradual passage from external to internal control. This is very marked and complete in the period of youth. Habit formation, to be effective, must, therefore, be accompanied by acquisition of adequate knowledge of the rational justification of the habit and by the formation of appropriate attitudes and ideals. "These processes can never be forced. Proper attitudes and ideals develop by various means, among which are parental example, satisfactory personal relations both within and without the family, properly selected reading and recreation, and intelligent conversations at appropriate times relating to personal and social ideals and achievements."

A major purpose to keep in mind in the training of older children and youths is to overcome the tendency to be self-centered, self-conscious, pessimistic, or self-indulgent. This may best be accomplished by formation of habits that lead youths to be objectively minded; that is, to be interested in things and causes quite beyond themselves, to observe nature with its manifold wonders and possibilities when brought into the service of man; to study history and in particular the history of civilization that they may appreciate how this social order of the present has come into being; to look out upon this social order as it is; to contemplate its future possibilities and to realize that each youth of today has a responsibility and an opportunity to be a factor in helping to bring about a better social order, as well as to perpetuate the best that now is. Such an outlook will cause the youth to transcend his own narrow limits and to realize his greater personality in identifying himself with the good and the service of all.

Mrs. Phoebe Young Beatie

By Annie Wells Cannon

"I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea:

"That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many."—Romans 16:1-2.

QUITE applicable are the above words of the Apostle Paul to dear Sister Beatie, whose "tired spirit long waiting to be freed" was released by the angel of death Saturday morning, August 22, 1931.

The passing of Sister Beatie marks the second of President Brigham Young's lovely and gracious daughters to go this summer. Sister Beatie led, generally, an even and placid life. She was blessed beyond many with those material things which bring ease and comfort and she loved to bestow of her bounty on others less fortunate than herself. Her benefactions, not publicly known, were generous; she believed firmly in the doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." She was one of the most gifted of her father's daughters. Like many of them she had a natural inclination for music and was a fluent speaker. Both these gifts fitted her excellently well for her Relief Society work, in which she engaged for many years. She was a signer of the articles of incorporation of the Relief Society and served as a General Board Member for many years. During the period of Sister Beeatie's membership on the General Board she engaged in many important activities. She traveled extensively to the different stakes teaching the people and was an active participant in all the deliberations connected with the work. She attended the National Council of Women in Washington, D. C. and other affiliated gatherings of her organization.

A most valuable piece of her work on the General Board was the chairmanship of the Relief Society nurse school. For a period of many years, while she held that office, her home was like a house of refuge to the young women who came from the different settlements to take the nurse course. They always found a welcome there, and she cared for them in a most motherly way until she could find a permanent boarding place for them. This she did without thought of remuneration. Her hospitality was proverbial.

Phebe Young Beatie was born in Salt Lake City, August 1st, 1854. Her mother, Clarissa Ross Chase Young, died when Phebe was a very little child and her father, President Young, placed Phebe with her two sisters Mary and Maria and her brother Willard, in the care of his wife Zina, who gave these motherless children the same loving care and attention she gave her own daughter, and they in turn gave most filial affection to "Aunt Zina." Phebe attended her father's private school, which was held in a very pretentious school house, for that day, behind the high rock wall just east of the Eagle Gate, and later she was a student at the University

of Deseret. She was married when still in her teens to Walter J. Beatie, for many years bishop of the Seventeenth Ward. Their hospitable home was the scene of many fine parties and social affairs. Many distinguished visitors to Salt Lake City, among them the late Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Kate Waller Barratt and other suffrage leaders and social workers, were entertained in the beautiful home of Brother and Sister Beatie.

Phoebe was present when her father organized the Young Ladies' Retrenchment Society, the forerunner of the Y. L. M. I. A., in the Lion House.

PHOEBE YOUNG BEATIE

She was called to work in the Salt Lake Temple when it was dedicated in 1893, and worked there many years. She was a charter member of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers and an active member

of the Unity Club, one of the early literary societies in Utah.

She was a devoted wife and mother and her four surviving children, Mrs. Josephine B. Burton, Mrs. Hazel B. Kimball, wife of Edward P. Kimball, Tabernacle organist, N. Ross Beatie and W. S. Beatie, as the years pass will indeed have cherished memories of their beloved mother. She was a beautiful woman, full of grace and tenderness.

Her kindly ways and gentle deeds will not be forgotten.

Four Walls

By Leona Bammes Gardner

These four bare walls are prison walls to me—
I feel them pressing inward more and more;
But I can hold them back if I but try,
And bring the whole wide world inside my door.

Or with Imagination I can go
To far, fair lands where sunshine ever reigns.
To distant cities throbbing with new life—
To fragrant gardens, and cool, shady lanes.

I seek for beauty everywhere I look,
And find new romance in each homely thing.
I whisk the suds, and in the froth I see
The apple-blossom petals in the spring.

I linger over flowered bright cretonne
And Fancy builds a flower garden rare.
And in the mottled paper on the wall
I see but endless space, and cool, green air.

I fashion dresses—red, and pink and blue
And from the gay, bright scraps I piece a quilt,
And weave bright rugs. I think this as I work:
'Tis from the little things that worlds are built.

These four bare walls might smother every hope—
Might turn my whole small world to bleak despair
If I should let the smallest Doubt creep in,
Or give stark Fear a moment's lodging there.

But though the walls shut me away from Life,
A prisoner from Love I'll never be:
Two tiny baby hands clutch at my dress,
Two little lips say "Mama!" urgently.

A Word to Mothers

By Ruth May Fox

IF any Latter-day Saint mother has doubted the word of the Lord as given to the Prophet Joseph Smith in 1833 when he said that tobacco was not good for man, it should renew her faith to know that scientists of this day very largely agree that tobacco is a drug and that drugs are not good for the human body, thereby confirming this truth as set forth in the Word of Wisdom. The Latter-day Saint mother believes that her children were sent to her by her Heavenly Father to be nourished, nurtured and protected as far as possible from all harm. Also, that she is to guide them step by step to a splendid maturity. Therefore, the wise mother will see that her children are properly fed, that they have sufficient exercise and sleep. She will as far as possible environ them with an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Above all things she will teach them to obey the counsels of the Lord as given through his servants, the prophets.

Surrounded as we are by every influence that Satan can devise to destroy the youth we admit the task of training our children in the right way is a difficult one, and yet the home influence should be stronger than Satan's. A sad thing about the situation is that some people are becoming reconciled to what they think is the inevitable and all too many are saying, "Oh well, smoking isn't so bad after all."

The question may well be asked: What is the really anxious mother to do to protect her child from this insidious evil. Well, mothers, when one of your children asks why you do not want him to smoke and brings up all the arguments possible to convince you that it is all right and that all the boys are smoking, give him reasons why he should abstain. Tell him that you sympathize with the non-Mormon boy who smokes because he has not been taught differently, but though all the world should smoke that is no excuse for him. Tell him that you love him and that you want him to have a sweet breath and a healthy body; that you want him to become a leader in his group. And perhaps he can change the mind of some of his companions and show them that the smoking habit is wasteful, to say the least. That money can be used for so many better purposes than smoking it away. Tell him, too, that our Heavenly Father loves him, that He knows what is harmful to the body and that He has said that tobacco is not good for him. God expects him to be a missionary at home and abroad and in order for him to do this work he must live free from all bad habits. Read to him the story of Elder Paul Kimball and Dr. W. Creed Haymond which was printed in the *Deseret News* May 30, 1931, also in a pamphlet published by the First Presidency, and other faith-promoting stories.

However, let me warn you, you will not get very far asking your son or your daughter not to smoke cigarettes if you yourself are drinking tea or coffee. In this age of the world people must live what they teach. A mother should be "armed so strong in honesty" that her children will never doubt her word.

Another idea occurs to me. If the mothers of one ward or one small community would unite their efforts to have the law enforced against the sale of cigarettes to minors, and would unite their faith and prayers in supplicating our Heavenly Father to help them set a worthy example before their children and give them wisdom to direct them in the right way, I am sure much could be accomplished.

Nor is this all, remember that your child is God's child and that He is interested even more than are you in his welfare and He will help you. He has said, "Ask and you shall receive," and His word never fails. But you must ask sincerely.

Mothers, be encouraged. The children of the Latter-day Saints have a mission to perform. They are destined to lead the world out of darkness. Do your part; God will do His, and your dreams for your children will yet come true.

Love's Vitamins

By Wilford D. Porter

The world speaks of diets of various types,
To reduce or to build up your weight,
And yet there's one diet that's failed to appear
From the pen of the medics, to date.

Though I haven't an M. D. or title to give
A force to the things I shall tell,
There's a diet discovered for husband and wife,
Which will keep their "Love" healthy and well:

Each morning, just when the dawning breaks,
And you rise to greet the new day,
Take an ample amount of "The Tenderest Kiss,"
For that's lovers' vitamin "A."

Your wife has burdens of care on her mind—
The children from sickness to free;
Then give her kind words, in doses, not few—
For that is love's vitamin "B."

And during the rush of the mad, busy world,
Forget not the "Gallant" to be,
Supply her with chocolates, flowers, and smiles;
For these are love's vitamin "C."

Although you not always agree with your wife
In regard to her likes; you should see
That your system is full of the "Give and the Take"—
Thus you'll hand her love's vitamin "D."

Of course there are many good supplement foods
To the vitamins "D," "C," "B," "A,"
But "Love" will grow healthy and hearty and hale
If this diet is followed each day.

Turn About

By Ivy Williams Stone

BY nine o'clock on a lovely April morning Mrs. Ellen Mower had finished all her morning tasks, and settled herself to do some worthwhile self culture. She had reached that time in life where some suppressed desires could be gratified. The hectic days of being laundress and seamstress, cook and nurse, playmate and teacher, were past. The once over-crowded darning basket was empty; there were no eager little hands to reach into the cookie jar; she no longer rose at dawn to wash nor ironed far into the night. Her five, eager, active babies had grown into men and women with babies and domestic problems of their own. Mrs. Mower felt that, with father on a simple diet, she could enjoy a well earned leisure. She had joined a literary club. In calm prospective she saw her declining years filled with cultural activity. The things she had always wanted to do were now possible. She need not become a dull, drab, unlettered old lady with no contacts with life.

"Suttee: India's Deplorable Practice of Widow Burning." Mrs. Mower looked at her initial line with satisfaction, but somehow the subject did not fit the morning. The mild April sunshine did not seem kin to the sweltering heat of far away India. The odor of hyacinths and daffodils did not suggest a funeral pyre. On such a glorious morning it seemed incongruous that in a distant heathen country a widow —*perhaps a mother*—should offer up her life because her husband had died. But the club president had assigned the subject, and Mrs. Mower felt she had a reputation to make.

"Suttee is the name given to a Hindu practice of voluntary death by fire, regarded as evidence of great wifely devotion."

Mrs. Mower read the line aloud to an imaginary audience and leaned back with disgust. "Due to the vigilance of the British soldiers, the ceremony must be conducted with the greatest secrecy. The victim adorns herself with borrowed jewels, rides in state to the chosen spot, amid the plaudits of the villagers."

"*Suttee,*" scoffed Mrs. Mower in disgust, "I never heard of such a dreadful, barbaric custom. Whatever becomes of the children? With their father dead, they need their mother all the more." She chewed the rubber from her pencil, broke off the point. While her brain floundered for more descriptive adjectives, the back screen slammed and her daughter Lucille hurried in, breathless and perspiring. She sank into a chair, her thin, wiry body taut with eagerness.

"Mother, I have the most wonderful plan! I'm not going to Chicago with Tom, as I'd planned. I've seen all those places, and I've arranged for the boys to go instead. While they're gone, I'm going over to clean house for Agnes!"

"Did Agnes invite you?" queried Mrs. Mower dubiously. A vision of the slack Agnes giving such a task to her zealous sister was disquieting.

"Agnes clean house?" smiled Lucille. "I guess not. She never really *cleans;* she just wipes off the

high spots. Mother, I sometimes wonder how two such different women as Agnes and I could possibly be sisters."

"Perhaps Agnes wonders the same thing."

"Agnes and the children are going on summer location with Jack," Lucille preferred to ignore her mother's gentle irony, "they intend to close the house, and I'll have a wonderful opportunity to work. I ran over last night to take her some extra nice cream puffs and Agnes said, 'Your cookies look nice!' And can you imagine what they were doing?" Lucille's face became animated with joyous anticipation at telling a truth that seemed incredible. "The dinner dishes were still on the table. The entire family were outside, where Jack had a stepladder on top of a work bench. He was draping a tarpaulin over that precious cherry tree, for fear it might freeze the blossoms. He was in grave danger of breaking his neck. The doctor's bill would buy a ton of cherries!"

"Is it a Bing or a Napoleon?" asked Mrs. Mower mischievously.

"Cherries are only cherries to me, I can't tell one kind from another. The tree is so close to the house that the noisy robins would send me distracted. And when they had completed that ritual it was too dark to work outside, so they all came in to eat. Their supper was milk and baker's doughnuts. Then the whole family turned in and washed up an accumulation of dishes. My family had spinach, veal cutlets, hot biscuits and cream puffs. I tell you, Mother, people are talking about the way Agnes neglects her house." Lucille wore a virtuous expression.

"Last fall they talked about her wonderful flower display at the fair," added Mrs. Mower. "I'd be rather cautious," she continued, feeling that the courage of the Hindu women was insignificant beside this daring of one daughter to march upon the domain of another.

"Cautious! I'll make that house over. I'll empty the sink of dishes, bleach her dish towels, iron her sheets. I'll empty those vases of withered flowers that litter every room. There's a spider's web in the north-east corner of the basement window that my fingers itch to sweep down. The little closet under the stairs is crammed full of empty paper bags; sacks that held innumerable doughnuts and cinnamon rolls and baker's bread. It's a fire trap; wonder they're not cremated!"

Mrs. Mower felt her important paper on India was not life. She forgot the value of personal leisure. The combined needs of all her five babies had been nothing compared to this daring scheme on the part of the determined Lucille. Agnes would be angry, aggrieved and hurt, but it was useless to argue. Chicago had no lure to take Lucille away from the joy of making over her sister's household. After a few more explanations she departed, righteous service showing in every one of her energetic steps.

After their simple mid-day luncheon, Mrs. Mower again started to complete her paper. The occasion was auspicious. Her first appearance on the program meant so much to her future in the club. If her paper "went over," she would receive flattering compliments, the correctly gowned president would call upon her, and Mrs. Mower's social future would be assured. She would not drift into senile old age, knowing only the activities of her children and grandchildren. If Lucille was determined to precipitate trouble b

meddling with Agnes' affairs, she would have to take the consequences. When your children married, you were certainly privileged to stop worrying over them.

"The practice is exceedingly old and is accompanied with mystic rituals. The villagers turn out en masse—" The front screen opened cautiously and Agnes peered in, looking intensely relieved at sight of her mother. She sat by the open window and turned her palms upward so Mrs. Mower could see the earth stains.

"I've been weeding," she laughed, "but it got rather warm, so I came over to tell you of my inspiration." She settled herself comfortably, while her mild, even tones blended with the promise of plumpness which her figure suggested.

"I'm not going on summer location when Jack goes, Mother. He'll be there all summer and I'll get enough of it by going later. He and the girls can stop at the hotel for two weeks. I'm going to stay over that long and make Lucille a garden!"

"Merciful Heavens!" Mrs. Mower almost stuttered, and the sheets on Hindu customs fluttered to the floor.

"I knew it would surprise you!" Agnes smiled complacently. "But Lucille and the boys are going to Chicago with Jack, and while they're gone I shall remove the pretense of lawn and flowers which they have planted, and do some landscape gardening. That beautiful home of theirs is deserving of better grounds. Do you know, Mother," Agnes leaned forward in her eagerness, "do you realize their lawn is dying for lack of proper soil? No wonder it dries out, parches and dies. Do you know they planted cedar trees in sheltered, protected corners, and everyone who knows anything at all, knows *cedars must have wind?* Lucille wonders why her pansies never get large and velvety like ours; she plants them on the south, against the cement wall. Yesterday I took her a bunch of my double narcissus and she said, 'what beautiful lilies!' It is an honest fact, Lucille and Tom can't distinguish between asters and chrysanthemums. They call all evergreen trees *Christmas trees;* to them flowers are merely things which smell nice. They consider time spent in a garden as wasted."

"Lucille's a wonderful cook and housekeeper," defended Mrs. Mower.

"Food," replied Agnes with dignity, "is a means of bodily sustenance. I eat to live."

Mrs. Mower had a mental picture of the determined Agnes marching upon the neglected garden of Tom Rhead and re-making it according to her own ideals. She would be so engrossed, so filled with a sense of service that she would not even approach her own home until her allotted task was completed, knowing that the Spillsberry boy could be depended upon to care for their own garden.

That morning Mrs. Mower had felt the women of India were brave beyond comparison. Now their courage dwindled into insignificance. Death by fire would, at least, be quicker than the disaster her two daughters were inviting. To change the home, to re-make the garden of another woman! It was preposterous!

IN the days that followed Mrs. Mower learned the inner meaning of the word strategy. As in the days when her children were small, leisure again became an unknown luxury. Tom Rhead and his sons

left for Chicago, bound to secrecy but openly skeptical about the success of Lucille's plans. Jack Howard went to summer location as scheduled, feeling that even ten years of matrimony had not taught him women's moods. Mrs. Mower led a frenzied existence, worrying lest Lucille discover Agnes in her garden, lest Agnes find Lucille in her home. She carried daily provisions to Lucille every night; and every morning she stealthily took a like portion to her daughter Agnes.

Like a conquering army Lucille marched upon the premises of Jack Howard. She did not see the graceful, lacy cut leaf birch tree which was the pride of the neighborhood. She did not see the symmetrical blue spruce which graced the back yard, nor the velvety lawn where no dandelion dared to sprout. The flowering catalpa and the tulip trees held no attraction for her. The Norway oak, whose seed acorn had lain two years before sprouting, did not seem unusual. A little, spindling evergreen, carefully guarded by trustworthy stakes and labeled *"Sequoia Gigantea,"* produced only the terse comment, "Another Christmas tree!" But she did see that the windows were a dull, faint gray; that in the haste of departure the sink was still full of dishes; the front porch light shade held the skeletons of last year's moths. Vases of withered flowers added an unpleasant odor to the house. The fringe on the parlor rugs had come unsewed; the magazine rack was crammed with old numbers; the piano so dusty that Lucille stalked righteously over to it and wrote "DIRT" in bold, defiant letters. One corner of the parlor was piled high with newspapers, while the bathtub held a huge basket of unironed clothes.

"I suppose I can be grateful they're not damp and left to mold," cried Lucille indignantly. "That Spillsberry boy can lend me a hand. I'll build a fire with all these newspapers and paper bags and while I'm in the basement I'll sweep down that spider web. I can't tolerate spiders!"

For ten days she worked at high tension, begrudging the time necessary to eat the food which her mother provided. Soap and polish, varnish and paint were her daily companions; vacuum and brushes, mops and brooms were her implements of warfare. The breakfast nook changed from pale grey to a vivid green. The bath room walls became a smallpox yellow. Gay shelf paper adorned the kitchen cupboards. The Spillsberry boy was kept so busy beating carpets and polishing floors that he had scant time for the garden. Lucille polished and re-arranged all the furniture, cleaned wall paper until the whole house was spotless. She lived strictly within the house, intent only upon her one objective.

While her sister stayed within four walls, Agnes Howard gazed over Tom Rhead's heterogeneous garden and planned her line of attack.

"That maple is still young enough to move, it's too close to the house. They should have known better than to plant a mother boxelder, the seeds will scatter for miles. The lawn must be fertilized and the dandelions are thicker than the grass. Those poor hydrangeas are worm eaten and the elm trees must be sprayed. The peony buds must be covered with bags before it gets too hot. The privet hedge needs pruning; the pansies must be transplanted farther from the house, and there are weeds everywhere! I'll have to work hard

and fast to have the place looking as it should when they return from Chicago. I'll put a miniature lake in the center of the back lawn—water lilies will look beautiful there."

During the following days she worked side by side with two gardeners. The sun was never too hot, or her body too weary for the allotted tasks. The days were far too short. Under her practised eye the hedges leaved out after pruning; the elms found new life in the spray, the daffodils and narcissus really bloomed, on tall, graceful stems. Since it was early in the season, Agnes watered everything unstintedly. She was so eager to sleep at dusk in order to rise at dawn, that she scarcely noticed the food her mother brought, but fell into Lucille's guest bed unconscious of embroidered sheets and down quilts. The clarity of the windows made it necessary to draw blinds. The dainty muslin curtains gave her no thrill. The highly polished floors were a menace to safe walking. She was unaware that the shiny linoleum had been polished with milk, and the lustre of the tiled bathroom seemed cold and repellant. The absence of potted plants and vases of cut flowers gave her a distinct shock. The methodical precision that marked the arrangement of cupboards and closets seemed a waste of time. To Agnes Howard, accustomed to comfortable untidiness, the spotless order of the entire house created a sense of uninviting stiffness.

"It makes me feel like I dare not sit down!" she mused. "Never saw anything so poison clean in all my life. It's too tidy to live in."

It was almost time for the important paper on Hindu widow burning. Mrs. Mower had been too disturbed over the activities of her daughters to study the references. The outcome of their queer venture was still unsettled; it was inevitable that they would meet, for Tom Rhead was soon due home. It seemed so unreal to be studying foreign customs with life pulsing at her elbow. Everyone knew that to *suttee* meant voluntary death by fire. Only pagan people would do such a horrible thing. By sheer force of will, however, Mrs. Mower forced herself to the task of writing her paper. She spread out her sheets, bit her pencil, puckered her brows and began to write.

"The British Government has been so untiring in its efforts to suppress this lamentable practice that—"

The front screen opened unceremoniously and Lucille dashed in, breathless, hatless and indignant. Her once white house dress held faint stains of green paint.

"Some officious person has been making our garden over!" she gasped. "They changed all our grounds. They've made a pond where Tom was planning a miniature golf course." She was still talking when the back screen slammed and Agnes appeared, her hands stained with dandelions, her sun hat much battered, her shoes caked with mud.

"Mother," she began, blinking her eyes against the subdued light, "some uninvited person has *cleaned my house.* They've re-arranged all the furniture; they've burned those newspapers I was saving so carefully; the whole place smells of varnish and polish and paint. My breakfast nook is ruined with a gaudy green paint!" In her agitation her voice became excited, and then she saw Lucille and the paint-stained house dress.

"I thought you were in Chicago!" gasped Agnes.

"I thought you were in the forest with Jack," countered Lucille, casting suspicious glances at Agnes' dandelion-stained hands.

"You stayed home to clean my house!" accused Agnes.

"You stayed home to make over our garden!" came the retort.

"You burned my paper bags; you killed that rare spider we hoped to photograph; you put on that abominable paint."

"You put bottles of wet flowers, I mean wet bottles of flowers on my polished tables and ruined the varnish. You made that old fashioned pond in our back lawn. What will we do for a golf course?"

"Our *Sequoia Gigantea* is nearly ruined for lack of water," wailed Agnes. "Those trees are rare. Some are still living that were saplings when Moses led the Children of Moses to freedom."

"Did you know," Lucille tried to be satrical and failed, "that we have a water meter? You let that hose run day and night. Do you intend to pay the bill?"

"You took the Spillsberry boy to help you wash windows and rugs and curtains, and our garden is nearly dried up."

"You cut a lemon on my sink," countered Lucille, "and it's eaten the enamel off."

"You put that silly pink paper on the kitchen shelves," retorted Agnes, "and you moved everything in the house. I can't find a thing."

"You dug those dandelions out of the lawn, and we loved them so; you trained that creeper thing—"

"Boston ivy, to be exact," interrupted Agnes.

"Well, whatever its name is, you trained it to go around the window frames, and we thought it so much prettier to let it seek its own course."

"I doubt if another spider will ever build in that corner," said Agnes, dropping into a chair from sheer exhaustion. "Here I've toiled for ten days to make you a beautiful garden, and you repay me by spoiling my house and letting *my garden* run to ruin."

After this thrust Lucille also felt the need of a support. She sought a chair before she gave answer.

"Here I've labored ten days to make your house livable and systematic, and you *repay* me by spoiling my tables with wet bottles and making a garden we did not want, and running up a bill."

Agnes leaned toward Lucille; Lucille leaned toward Agnes. Agnes raised a forefinger that was stained with dandelions from her sister's lawn. Lucille raised a forefinger that was stained with paint from her sister's breakfast nook.

"Nobody asked you to do it!" they cried in unison.

Mrs. Mower lost all interest in the lives of Hindu widows. If unChristian people on the other side of the world wished to practice self extermination, that was their business. She was powerless to help. She did not care whether she made an impression on the Self Culture Club or not. Breaking into the upper social circle held no attraction. She did not want leisure for self culture. But she did want the two women before her—her daughters, her one time babies, to lose their animosity. She pushed her pencilled, interlined sheets on "Suttee" into the waste basket. She began to laugh.

"Girls—girls," she was almost hysterical. "I've been all fussed over your queer ventures. I've been watching each of you work yourself into a frenzy. Ag

nes making an unwanted garden for Lucille, and Lucille making Agnes's house uncomfortable for the folks who have to live in it. You're extremists—both of you. Also, you're throwbacks. Agnes is like her great-grandfather Mower. He planted a grove of pines when he was eighty years old. My father's mother was so clean her neighbors called her 'Pisen Priscilla.' It takes all sorts and conditions of people to make a world. I want you to kiss and make up."

Mrs. Mower pushed their two chairs closer together.

"I might have known Agnes wouldn't appreciate my efforts. I ache all over from so much reaching and scrubbing."

Agnes smiled complacently and retorted, "If you want to know what a real *ache* is, get down on your knees and dig dandelions."

The hand that was stained with green paint reached out to the hand that was stained with dandelions.

"Never mind, Sis," added Lucille, "I can re-varnish those tables. I hadn't done it for a month, so they needed it, anyway."

"And the way we eat, Lucy," replied Agnes, "I can soon have another batch of paper bags saved up for my peonies!"

Mrs. Mower had a visionary, far-away expression. She suddenly reached for one of the crumpled sheets of paper and began to write.

"Here," she cried triumphantly, "If I can't write literary papers, I can compose poetry. Listen to this:

Before you plan your neighbor's days
And have him re-arrange his ways
You'd better change your mind;
For when you've told him what to do
He's apt to come right back at you,
And pay you back in kind!

Let's eat; we haven't had a decent meal for two weeks!"

Hollyhocks

By Lizzie H. Welker

I'm going to keep our hollyhocks, back there in a row;
Although I know Dame Fashion has decreed that they shall go.
And all the gardeners, up-to-date, in any town I know
Have dug up all their hollyhocks, and burned them long ago.
And in their place, Miss Dahlia, stately aristocrat doth grow,
Or, perchance, some queenly lily, or some zinnias gay will glow.
So, while backward, a bit farther, each season mine must go.
I know I'll keep our hollyhocks, our little girls love them so.

On winter days, so lonely, when we have a lot of snow.
And sly Jack Frost is hiding in the wint'ry winds that blow;
They sit and plan for summertime, little faces all aglow,
When they'll make dolls from hollyhocks and have a baby show
Of dollies with long dresses on, a standing in a row.
Of red, of white, of pink, of rose, and some of gay yellow.
So while others raise more stylish flowers, and have a flower show,
I know I'll keep our hollyhocks, our little girls love them so.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

THE attractive new cover of the *Relief Society Magazine* is bringing forth many favorable comments.

THE deeper, richer colors of autumn are replacing the dainty pastel shades, so popular during the summer months, in fabrics and styles for women.

COMMON sense clothes for street and office are featured in the fall exhibits leaving the "old-fashioned fripperies" for afternoon and evening wear. The ridiculous Eugenie hat is one of the "fripperies."

MARY COLLINS of Caldwell, Kansas has been a mail carrier for twenty-five years, never missing a single day.

LOS ANGELES expects to curtail its charity fund a million dollars by cutting down on the "parasites." One wonders where these unprovided for will go this winter.

A WHITE BIRD FLYING" is the significant title of Bess Streeter Aldrich's new novel. It carries on the saga of "A Lantern in Her Hand" to a later and more modern period.

MARGARET AYERS BARNES' last novel "Westward Passage" may not win the Pulitzer prize, but it is praised by the critics equally with "Years of Grace."

MISS ELIZABETH FITZGERALD of Utah led the American Delegation of Business and Professional women to the International Conference held in Vienna this summer. The delegates were entertained at the different American embassies in Amsterdam, Munich, Florence and Rome. The group were also granted an audience by the Pope.

DOROTHY ARZNER, Paramount director, claims that there are many productions where a woman is better equipped than a man to direct because of the deeper emotions which come through the screen. It would seem this advice follows for all stage productions as other American stars will have their own theatres and own repertory this fall. Katherine Cornell takes over the "Bassetts" in the old Belasco playhouse; Alice Brady will produce a cycle of dramas in her father's playhouse in New York; Pauline Lord is to be a producer in her own theatre, and Jane Cowl will manage her own plays, mostly Shakesperian works.

HENRIETTA SCHMELER, the brilliant Columbia co-ed, lost her life this summer on an Apache reservation, where she had ventured to live among the Indians to gather first-hand information for a thesis. Rather costly knowledge that.

A NEW YORK heiress, Miss Ethyl Clyde, saved from eviction 59 families of the striking coal miners of West Virginia by guaranteeing a year's rent. The wives and children of these families trudged their way through the heat and dust for miles seeking relief. One wonders why a few more heiresses of millions couldn't see the light and help a little.

Evelyn Bronx

By Edythe C. Robbins

WELL, I must be going, or mother will be waiting for me. I promised to go shopping with her." Arlene Argyle rose, pulled on a close fitting gray hat, fastened a winter suit of the same color, adjusted her fur around her shoulders and commenced drawing on a pair of suede gloves as she sauntered toward the door.

Helen Brown Trent had followed her and opening the door placed a hand in the other woman's gloved one. "Thanks, Arlene—maybe you're partly right after all." She could hardly fight back the tears.

"Helen dear, forgive me if I've hurt you too much—I only raved on that way for what I thought was your own good. I know I've no right to judge my married friends this way, being only a sort of old maid myself," she laughed, it was a wistful sort of laugh—"but even old maids think they can see a few things from the side lines. And—dear girl, it seems to me you have been such a crazy thing. Think it over if you care to, but don't worry a lot. Call me again if I can help you."

Helen smiled, "Don't be surprised if I do call you."

"Lovely. Helen, this was one of the most delicious luncheons I have ever eaten. Thanks. "Goodbye." She almost ran down the big stone steps to her green roadster.

The woman at the door stood peering through the glass until her friend, car and all had disappeared from sight. Turning, she entered the long living room and dropped into a chair facing the dying embers of the grate. She felt numb, a trifle ill, and of a sudden, wearily old.

Point by point she turned over in her mind all that her friend had said. There was the case of Ruth Greeley, a former school-mate, who until her recent death, just a few months previous, had been the highly respected wife of Tom Greeley. This same Tom Greeley was president of the company of which her husband was vice-president. That was bringing the thing nearer home. Apparently Tom had already announced his intention of marrying Evelyn Bronx. No doubt Evelyn was all right—Helen had never met her to judge. They said she was fascinating, unusually educated, though not beautiful nor striking. Helen had always thought Ruth and Tom were devoted. Had Ruth failed after all in some of the essentials that she should be forgotten so soon? It was disappointing at best. —

There were her own problems too. No time for them now, however. Bob and the girls would soon be coming from school. She glanced at the little Swiss clock on the mantel. It was five minutes to five. She rose quickly and started for the kitchen. There was dinner to prepare. It was Martha's afternoon and evening off and the girls seldom came from the University in time to help, so she couldn't count on them. She hoped at least they would come in time to eat. It had always seemed so jolly to have the whole family together for dinner.

At seven-fifteen that evening C. Howard Trent was seated at the head of his table carving a leg of lamb, assisted at his right by their oldest daughter, the lovely Mariane.

"Like any parsnips tonight, Mother?"

Helen looked up from her end of the table. "No, dear, just a few peas—yes, part of that potato will do." She would *have* to eat something.

"Gee, Mom, how do you get that way? No appetite—you ought to get out and train a couple of hours after school." This from Bob, already five-feet-eleven and only in third year High. "Wish Dad would hurry up with my part of that roast. I'm almost starved."

Fair-haired Ruth glared across the table in disgust. "Why Bob, anybody would think you were still in the grades." Ruth (now a full-fledged University "frosh") was really quite grown up. "Thought you were learning manners. One of these days you will, don't worry." She winked at her Dad.

"Ah, lay off a fellow. I'll take three of those brown spuds, Mariane, and rush the service!" He fairly grabbed for his plate. "Um, is this food good?"

"Bless his heart," thought Helen. If things could only taste like that to her again. She wondered what was keeping Howard, Jr. so long?

Just then the front door burst open and in strode a dark, broad-shouldered youth. Tossing his bag on the nearest chair, he made for the dining room. "Well, looks like the whole family's waiting for me."

"Sure thing! You better shake a leg if you know what's good for you, Big Boy." Bob had just passed his plate for a second helping. "Gee this food's good!"

The eldest son gave his Dad a pat on the back, his mother a peck on the cheek and took his place beside Ruth.

"Say Howd," she leaned toward him, "got something to tell you tonight."

"Good girl," he whispered back. He loved this pretty blond sister of his.

"What kept you so long, tonight, son?" his father asked, a trifle concerned.

"Oh, just a little extra dissecting up in the Lab. The Professor let Greg and me in on something special because we seemed interested. Let me tell you though, a fellow who makes his senior year in Medics, even from a Western U, doesn't do much loafing.

"Bad as that?" asked Mariane, as she piled his plate high.

"Worse!"

"Oh, by the way, Mother, "have you ever happened to meet a Miss Evelyn Bronx?"

Bob glanced up quickly. "Oh, she's—"

"Did you know I made peach-cobbler for dessert tonight Bob?" Helen asked quickly.

There it was, out for the second time that day: first from Arlene, then Howard. How it hurt! But she must forget now. Must get through dinner. She must think by herself later.

* * * * *

The clock in the hall struck eleven. Helen Trent peered anxiously into the mirror of her dressing table. The revelation was not flattering. Point by point she judged herself. She was forty-five—she looked fifty-five—or more. On the face, once really lovely, were lines—tired, discouraged lines, careless lines. Her skin—(no wonder the girls had said what they had) looked sallow and lifeless. The eyes were not bad, they were blue—but there wasn't much sparkle to them. (Perhaps that was the reason Howard had stopped mentioning them.) Her hair was still brown, but looked as lifeless as she felt. Naturally she always had it shampooed and waved for an occasion, but not regularly

as she might have done. (Maybe the hair-dresser had been right in scolding as she had.) Her figure—well, it really was the one thing she might be proud about. At least she'd been active and wise enough to keep that right. There might be something to build on after all.

Passing over all the details it boiled itself down to this: Arlene had been right—as the wife of a man like Howard Trent, she had been a fool. He was already wealthy in a moderate way, vice-president of the same company as Tom Greeley—this same Tom who had so quickly forgotten his Ruth in favor of Evelyn Bronx.

Just because it had been necessary to give up things when they had less and the children were babies, was no excuse for the same thing as time went on and conditions improved. She had felt it much more important to stay at home fussing with the girls' clothes, cooking the boys' favorite dishes herself, despite the presence of the ever faithful Martha, than to join them in a course at the University, take a treatment for her hair or her skin, read the latest book or buy a new suit. She had no time to flatter, coax, laugh, or take a trip with that big husband of hers. (He did so like these things, too.) It was all very clear now!

She rose quickly. It was a desperate situation. She must solve it desperately. She knew exactly what to do—even Arlene was not necessary now.

The woman pulled out her only suitcase from the further end of her clothes closet, dusted it and laid it on the bed.

Opening the drawers of her dressing table and chest, she surveyed her possessions. "Not much for a rich man's wife," she murmured to herself. "Never mind, there may be better times coming, when I once get started!

"What was that?" Howard was coming up the stairs, she knew his tread. Quickly the suitcase went under the bed and she closed the drawers just in time to reach the door before he tapped.

"Still up, Mummy?" You'd better go to bed. You look about all in."

He barely touched her lips as he kissed her good night.

"You may be wanting more than this before long," she thought.

* * * * *

Helen Trent settled herself against the plush and linen of the Pullman seat—a smile of satisfaction and relief crept over her features.

She thought over the crowded events of her day: breakfast, bidding Howard and the children their casual goodbye, phoning for train-schedules, a hurried trip to town. There she had arranged for the necessary money, drawing from the bank account she had laid by for the children's college and the girls' trousseaus. Luckily she had access to this, as it had been placed there by her, in her own name. Helen knew it really wasn't needed for it's first purpose. Everything simmered down, the boys and girls too, for that matter would appreciate it more if they had to earn at least part of what they spent. This piece of business had been followed by a little shopping, sending a telegram to her friend, Lulu Bransford at San Diego, and dashing home to find Howard detained in town for lunch. After her meal she had sent Martha to town, hurriedly finished her packing, called a taxi and caught her train.

She couldn't help chuckling again as she thought of the note left behind and the surprise it would cause.

"Dearest ones," it had read, "Above all things do not worry. I am well, happy and *sane!* Am taking a much needed trip, but it's a secret. Best of luck in your work and play. You will hear from me again.

"Love,

"Mother."

* * * * *

Six long, lonesome (perhaps profitable), weeks had passed. To C. Howard Trent, seated at his mahogany desk, they had seemed more like six years. There had been an occasional optimistic card received, but always without a return address and always with a different postmark. Just a few more days of this suspense would drive him to a detective agency for help.

His door opened—an efficient secretary stepped in. "Telegram, Sir."

* * * * *

The following afternoon found C. Howard, Sr., Jr., Mariane, Ruth, and even Bob Trent, standing on the platform, tense and breathless, watching for one familiar form to descend from the steps of a newly-arrived passenger train. Minutes that seemed hours, passed by. Surely the last had alighted. Despair was creeping into five faces—no Mother! Bob and his father had started—and then—what a vision of loveliness! A trim little figure of a woman, exquisitely gowned in soft yet modish browns and creams (even wearing flowers), fresh and smiling started toward them.

Why it couldn't be! Yes—it was—Mother! For the space of so many minutes, events in the lives of six people were too poignantly glorious, too beautiful, to seem real.

* * * * *

That night in their joint room, safe and warm in her husband's arms, she murmured, "Howard."

"Yes dear."

"You remember asking me something about an Evelyn Bronx? I met her while on the Coast, she was selecting some trousseau things. I think she's lovely."

"Yes—really? But do you know there is, and always will be, just one *lovely* woman in all the world for me? Her name happens to be Helen Brown Trent." He said it slowly and convincing enough, to leave absolutely no room for either doubt or argument.

My Precious Gifts

By Mary H. Mitton

The precious little children are
Sweet messengers of love;
Bringing pure joy and happiness
Dear gifts from Heav'n above.

The tender little arms and hands
Entwined about my throat,
Their prattle's like the song of birds
A thrill in ev'ry note.

The dear sweet kisses shower down
Like petals from the rose,
And tired little baby heads
Upon my cheek repose.

Just the touch of a little hand
To cheer me on each day,
Dispelling sadness from my heart
While at my knee they play.

'Twas just a little gleam of Heav'n
When each one came to earth.
Father keep them pure and holy
Just as they were at birth.

Notes to the Field

George Washington Bi-Centennial Programs

WE congratulate the stakes and wards for their extensive tree planting.

So far as the visits of the General Board have extended this year, it is found that all stakes and most wards have planted trees, to be dedicated on the bi-centennial of the birth of George Washington, Feb. 22, 1932. More trees will be planted this fall.

It is hoped that all wards and stakes will have at least one program for this memorial.

"These points should be emphasized with respect to the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington next year:

"1. It is sponsored by the United States Government: Congress created the George Washington Bicentennial Commission and the President of the United States is its chairman.

"2. It will not be a world's fair or exposition, and it will not be held in any one place.

"3. It will be a nation-wide, even a world-wide series of celebrations in which every state, city and town —every organization and institution, every home and individual—in this country, together with Americans and others in many foreign countries, will participate. Every community is expected to plan and carry out its own program of events, in cooperation with the United States Commission and the State Commissions.

"4. It will last from Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1932, to Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1932, with special local and national celebrations everywhere on all holidays, anniversaries, or other days which can be connected with the life of George Washington.

"5. While the ceremonies on February 22 should be especially elaborate and impressive, as marking the actual Two Hundredth Anniversary of George Washington's Birth, arrangements also should be made for public gatherings, pageants, plays, processions, musical festivals, tableaux and other events at various times during the entire period of more than nine months. Every program should relate to the great life and work of the First President and Founder of the Republic. On Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day and other national and local holidays or anniversaries there should be special programs, but the celebration should not be confined to these days.

"6. It will take time to prepare the local programs and arrange for the local celebrations. The United States Commission urges mayors and other officials of every city and town in the country to appoint George Washington Bi-centennial Commissions or Committees, in order to prepare for the events of the Bicentennial Year.

"7. All organizations and institutions of whatever character—civic, business, labor, educational, religious, fraternal, literary, social and others—are urged to plan for a 'George Washington Year' in 1932.

"8. The United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, Washington Building, Washington, D. C., will send literature and suggestions for local programs

to any committee, organization or group that will write for them."

This literature includes suggestive patriotic programs, pageants, plays, appropriate music and songs, specially prepared sermons for sacred services, cuts for newspapers, extensive biography, and separate papers on various phases and incidents in the life of George Washington.

Song Book

For years our organization has very much enjoyed the Relief Society Song Book. Some months ago the last copy was sold. Through the advice of the Church Music Committee it was decided not to reprint it, as they desired that the adult members of the Church would, as far as possible, use one song book, The Latter-day Saint Psalmody. It should be understood, however, that those who still have the Relief Society Song Book should use it and are in no way obligated to get new books.

A List of Valuable Books

Mrs. Claire S. Boyer, a teacher in Liberty Stake, has kindly sent in the following list of books which she feels sure the social service leaders in the Relief Society would enjoy and could use profitably in their work. The list is published, not with the expectation that our teachers generally will purchase these books, because the text and lessons in the *Magazine* furnish more material than the time allotted for this work allows to be presented, but many are anxious to further enrich their minds and ask what other books they can read along this line.

Personality, Spillman; *Personality,* Carman; *Psychology of Personality,* Valentine; *Directing Mental Energy,* Aveling; *Conquest of Fear,* King; *Developing Personality in Boys,* Borman; *Personality and Health,* Sadler; *About Ourselves,* Overstreet; *Influencing Human Behavior,* Overstreet; *Beyond Behaviorism,* Courtney; *Initiative Psychic Energy,* Hiltan; *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life,* Collins; *How to Live,* Bennet; *A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away,* Cobb; *Brain and Personality,* Thompson; *The Education of Children,* Adler; *Keeping Mentally Fit,* Jastrow; *Piloting Your Life,* Jastrow; *Health Through Will Power,* Walsh; *The Human Mind,* Meninger; *Training for Power and Leadership,* Kleiser; *Think,* Hunter; *Pep,* Hunter; *He Can Who Thinks He Can,* Marden; *Power of Will,* Haddock; *The Thinking Machine,* Herrick; *Psychology,* Martin; *The Meaning of a Liberal Education,* Martin; *The Dance of Life,* Ellis; *The Good Life,* Russel; *Happiness,* Phelps; *Intelligent Living,* Riggs; *Mind and Personality,* Brown; *The Psychologist Keeps House,* Gordon; *Personality,* Gordon; *The New Generation,* Calverton; *Every Man's Genius,* Austin; *Progress of Culture,* Woel; *The Psychology of Loyalty,* Royce; *Creative Understanding,* Keyserling; *New Girls for Old,* Blanchard; *Modern Conversation,* Hall; *Kingship of Self Control,* Jordan; *Handsful of Living,* Norris; *The Religion of Beauty,* Bell; *The Joyful Heart,* Chauffler; *The Psychology of Thinking,* Miller; *The Meaning of Culture,* Powys; *Self Cultivation in English,* Palmer; *The Creative Spirit,* Brown; *Art of Thinking,* Dimnet; *Exploring Your Mind,* Wiggam; *Memory,* Phelps; *Laughter and Health,* Walsh; *Preface to Morals,* Lippman; *How to Use Your Mind,* Kitson; *Charm,* Wilson; *Human Nature,* Schoen.

Music

The glorious days of autumn are here; vacation time is ended. Relief Society workers everywhere are approaching their labors with renewed courage and appreciation. Choristers and Organists have you determined in your own minds just what you desire to do in a musical way this year in your organization? Have you formulated a plan which will help you to improve the music in your community? Now is a good time to put a good plan into action. Would it be too difficult to aim at

a new song learned each month, with a heartier singing of the old songs? Encourage those who sing alto to sing alto along with the sopranos, so that two part singing may be developed.

Now is a splendid time to begin trio work. This could be done best by special rehearsals by selected singers.

Let your slogan be "More and Better Singing in the Relief Society Organizations."

We hope every organization will learn at least six new songs during the year.

Notes from the Field

Moapa Stake:

THE above lovely picture is that of the Panaca Ward Relief Society, and is the portrayal of the pageant "Women of the Bible." This very interesting event was staged in the Panaca Auditorium in June, 1931. The names of the sisters in the picture are: Top row, left to right, Ruby Lee, Amy D. Mathews, Winifred Cutler, Maribah Edwards, Katherine Heaps and Josephine Wadsworth; lower row, left to right, Belva Edwards, Afton Mathews, Dollie Wadsworth, Ruth Lee and her baby, Ruby, Annie H. Mathews, Emma Hansen, Addie Blad and Romola Lee. The event, so artistically staged, was a very great success from every point of view. The interpretation of the Biblical women was very splendidly done, and efforts of this type prove beyond doubt the versatility and the artistic trend which the Relief Society does so much to cultivate among the women of the organization.

Idaho Falls Stake:

IN May the Idaho Falls stake Relief Society gave a most interesting celebration in which the history of the Relief Society work in that stake was presented in pageant and drama form. This began with the first stake board organization in 1895, and depicted the work of the first stake board, with special emphasis on the efforts among the sick, when visits over a sparsely settled country were made, horses and buggies being the medium of communication. The characters were represented by women dressed in the costumes worn during the period. Two of the original members took their own parts, Sister Elvira C. Steele, who had been a counselor, and Sister Alice Boomer, the treasurer of the Relief Society. The different administrations from the beginning to the present were represented, and the progress of the work, with all the features that have developed, and the special activities, were shown. About fifty women and many children took part in this program, enhanced by music and songs, which did much to add to the success of the entertainment. The scene of this very interesting event was the Stake Tabernacle, and was presented to a group of more than 700 people. It was particularly interesting as the pageant with the drama accompanying was written by local women, and directed by members of the stake board.

Curlew Stake:

CERTAINLY the Relief Society of this stake is to be congratulated on the very fine work done in the field of child health and protection. Word comes to the office of a clinic, just completed in this forward-looking stake where 164 children were examined by the doctor, and 155 were inoculated for diphtheria. It is quite in line with the recommendations of the General Board of Relief Society, that the health of the children be safeguarded and the splendid preventive measures now available be used to ensure the health of the little ones before entering school for the coming year. The advancement of any people is measured by the care given to the children, and we certainly extend our sincere congratulations to our stakes in many parts who are acting in accordance with this wise vision of future benefits.

Box Elder Stake:

Box Elder Stake Presidencies, 1911-1931

WEDNESDAY afternoon, June 17, 1931, at the 5th Ward Chapel, past President Lula B. Call and her retiring board members were delightfully entertained by the Relief Society Stake Board and Executive Officers of the fourteen wards of the Box Elder stake.

Floor baskets and summer bouquets were used to make the hall attractive, while the banquet table formed as a large U, was made beautiful with a color scheme of blue and gold—the official Relief Society colors. These colors were carried out in candles and bowls of Del-Phinium, Bachelor Buttons, and lovely Yellow Coreopsis.

President Vera D. Sederholm presided. Community singing was led by Stake Chorister, Romina Jenson. Mrs. Abbie R. Madson, of the stake board, was toastmistress. Toasts were given to the past presidents by Mrs. Louie B. Call, president of the 3rd Ward Relief Society, and past presidents Sarah P. Stohl, Minnie H. Jenson and Lula B. Call re-

BOX ELDER STAKE PRESIDENCIES, 1911-1931

sponded. A toast to the retiring board members was given by Leah Reeder of the stake board, followed by responses from Mae Tyson and Annie H. Littlewood. Counselor May M. Horsley presented an appropriate gift to the six guests of honor, who were: Lula B. Call, Annie H. Littlewood, Mae Tyson, Ada L. Johnson, May N. Balls and Lillian D. Lillywhite. Musical numbers were rendered during the serving, consisting of steel guitar solos, by Carrie L. Baird, president of the 1st Ward Relief Society; and a vocal number by Mrs. Connie M. Peters.

An unusual item of interest was the presence of four complete groups of successive stake executive officers.

Franklin Stake (Franklin Ward):

ENTERTAINERS AT "WORLD TOUR"

ON the afternoon of August 11, 1931, the Franklin Ward Relief Society carried out a very entertaining and highly educational program. Ninety members, and the entire Bishopric, were taken to four different homes, each of which represented a country of the world. At Mrs. G. L. Wright's, in a cleverly designed tea-garden, Japan was featured. Mrs. Kanow and her three daughters in beautiful native costumes, entertained in song and dance; the mother sang in native tongue, accompanied by Japanese koto. Mrs. A. H. Parkin, and daughters Melba and Marjorie, entertained in true Holland fashion. At Mrs. Isabel Scarborough's Lucile Staley and Hazel Olverson in a dialogue as "Pat and Bridget," and the "Blarney Stone," furnished ripples of laughter at the same time creating a keen sympathy for the dear Irish folk. On the wide lawn at Bishop B. R. Parkinson's, with flowers in every nook and corner, Hawaii was successfully represented. Luana and Lera Packer with steel guitars and real native dress, entertained charmingly with appropriate songs, while five small girls danced around as daughters of the "Sunny Isles."

At each of these homes, refreshments typical of the country represented, were served by the hostess assisted by some of the visiting teachers of her district. Japanese rice sandwiches and puffed rice, root beer, potato salad, and Hawaiian fruit cocktail, constituted the main part of the menu. The cooperative spirit manifested was very commendable. Cars were provided for all. This speaks well for the Bishopric and the Relief Society in this busy farming community. The stake board of Relief Society was represented by two members.

The Cup

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

I have known palmy days of enchantment and bliss,
I have thrilled with life's zest and its joys,
I have known love's enrapturing ravishing kiss;
And it all has been mixed with alloys.

I have known sorrow and I have known pain,
I have known death again and again.
Brimming the cup and I drank to the lees—
It has brought me to God—on my knees—on my knees.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Harvest

"By what things a man sinneth by these he is punished."—*Solomon.*

"Be sure your sins will find you out."

AS we look at the fields of ripening grain, at the vineyards with their abundant yield, at the vines with their luscious melons, at the trees laden with fruit, we rejoice in the bounteous harvest.

As we behold the flowers with their varied hues, the brush and trees turning gold and brown and red, we revel in the beauty we behold in mountain and vale, on river bank and craggy steep.

As we read of the passing of the aged who have labored long and faithfully and who have departed leaving memories of their many good deeds and worthy accomplishments, and who leave a numerous posterity of worthy descendants, we rejoice that the harvest of their lives has been so bounteous.

BUT not always is the account so satisfying to contemplate. Many are forfeiting their lives in their mad pursuit of excitement and pleasure. They are paying a terrible price for the gratification of their appetites, lusts, and passions. Each day as we read the papers we are appalled at the loss of life, and still more disturbed when investigation dis-

closes what preceded the tragedies —smoking, drinking, gambling, loss of modesty, failure to hold sacred sex relationships and standards have all too often paved the way for the catastrophe. Auto accidents add a high toll to the mortality lists, and a big percentage of these are caused through wild and careless driving. All too often the innocent are injured or killed and the reckless ones escape. Boating and swimming add to the casualties because proper precautions were not taken. Life is a sacred, precious gift. It should be guarded so that the years of the earth span may not be shortened but profitably spent.

WHILE mothers cannot compel their children to observe the laws of life, while they cannot make them walk the paths of rectitude and safety, yet they can and are obligated to teach them the beauty and safety of right living and to point out the evils that follow wrong doing. Every child in his own home should have impressed upon him the inevitability of law. He should learn that "he that sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption," while "he that sows to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." He should be taught that goodness and righteousness are beautiful, that sin is ugly and that the lasting satisfactions of life result from right living.

Back to Our Routine

OUR vacations are over. We are all back to the routine of our lives. The auxiliaries are again offering wonderful opportunities. We are going to get out of the work much or little in proportion to what we put into it. We hope our Relief Society women will determine first to study more systematically, thoroughly and continuously this winter than ever before; and secondly, that they will carry out their good resolutions. They are busy women and will have to systematize their work in order to get the time from household routine for mental refreshment. It will help them to reach this desired end if many superfluities are banished, if time is allotted for much desired study, and the schedule adhered to.

A Concrete Suggestion

WE call our readers' attention to a delightful little story, "The Old Teapot," on page 554 of this issue. Sister McKenzie, the *Magazine* agent in Wasatch Ward in Salt Lake City, writes that she has had difficulty in securing many subscriptions because the sisters say they haven't the money. Her experiences suggested the story which, she writes, is her first, and she is now sixty-five years of age! We think she has been hiding her talent under a bushel. The suggestions offered will be a boon to many who are hard pressed.

All too many college boys and girls are turned forth from the schools without having been trained to think. They may know a language or two, some history, etc., but they haven't been led to think things through. Sister McKenzie has demonstrated that she can think a problem through and find a feasible solution. We hope more of our readers will send in concrete suggestions for helping out in this time of depression and financial need.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in December)

Select Readings: Second Nephi, chapters 1 to 4 inclusive. Make notes, first of the prophecies mentioned, and next of the doctrines taught.

The Book of Mormon—Literary Aspects of the Nephite Record

It is sometimes urged that the *Book of Mormon* has no literary merits at all. This is said because in its superficial aspects that volume does not conform to the standards which we have acquired in writing.

The book, we are told, abounds in errors of grammar, it uses too many words to tell its story, and its structure is not what it might be. All this we must concede, if we are to be honest with ourselves.

But what of it? Scott and Cooper and Dickens are by no means impeccable in their grammar and rhetoric, and much that they say could be left out with no loss to the effectiveness of their stories. Are we then to throw these authors into the discard, quit reading such books as *Ivanhoe,* the *Last of the Mohicans,* and *David Copperfield?* Not at all. Because these writers have qualities that are far higher than mere grammatical and rhetorical correctness. They all tell capital stories, they all have interesting situations, they all have vivid characterization, and at least one of them has rare humor and pathos. Stevenson and Walter Pater have perfect style, but as story tellers they are not in the same class as Scott, Cooper, and Dickens.

It is much the same with the *Book of Mormon.* Although the work may be deficient in some of the minor qualities of style, that is no sign that it has no literary values whatever. For the fact is that the Nephite record has some very striking and beautiful expressions, and it abounds in a variety of characters that stand out in the mind.

Perhaps it will not be amiss here to inquire how it came about that the literary style of the *Book of Mormon* is what it is, especially since its literary defects have been made the basis for attacks on its divine origin. Is the language of the Nephite record the Lord's or Joseph Smith's?

If, on the one hand, the language is the Lord's how is it that he does not speak in the most perfect English, as one would naturally expect that he would? The fact that the style of the book is imperfect, on this assumption, would go to throw doubt on its divine origin—in the estimation of adverse critics. And then, on the other hand, if the language of the work is the Prophet's, how can we reconcile that fact with its claim to being an inspired product? Here, then, is our problem.

The only solution of the problem is to admit that the language is the Prophet's, although the thoughts, the material, of the book was revealed.

It is a safe assumption that the Lord does not do for man what man can do for himself. That would be to dwarf man's powers, to stay his development. Joseph Smith did not know, and could not know, anything

about the Lehites and the Jaredites. So God revealed it to him. Likewise the Prophet knew nothing of the language they used. Hence the Lord prepared the urim and thummim for the purpose of enabling him to understand that ancient tongue. He did know English, however—the English that was spoken in his neighborhood, the English that one in his circumstances could have got without training.

Here is a passage from the *Doctrine and Covenants* which shows indirectly how the translation of the *Book of Mormon* was accomplished:

Oliver Cowdery wanted to translate. He asked the Prophet for the privilege. His request was granted. But when he tried, he failed to get the required results. Then came the explanation in a revelation to him through Joseph.

"Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. You must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right. But if it be not right, you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought that shall cause you to forget the thing which is wrong; therefore you cannot write that which is sacred save it be given you from me. Now, if you had known this you could have translated."

And here are some conclusions that we must inevitably draw from these statements:

First, that the way described in the passage was most likely the way in which the Prophet translated. Secondly, the translator having got the thought on the plates, he set it down in such language as he had at his command, endeavoring to express exactly as it was on the plate Thirdly, after it had been set dow the translator was to decide whethe it was absolutely correct or not b the way he felt; if it was right, h bosom "burned within him," and it was wrong he had a "stupor o thought." Fourthly, the whole pr cess was carried on under the divi influence and power, because it w "sacred."

Incidentally it may be remarke here, as growing out of the stat ment made above, that the circu stances connected with the appea ance of the *Book of Mormon* and t effort put forth in the translation it, was a primary means of educati Joseph Smith in the work he was do in the world.

First, his long wait for the pla taught him patience, obedience, a knowledge of the ways of the Lo Secondly, the effort he expended the translation of it trained, dis plined his mind in the same wa the mind is always trained and dis plined. Thirdly, the time he sp on the translation, coupled with t effort he put forth, gave him knowledge of the principles of s vation that, it would seem, nothi else could have given. For it is w known that to translate a work any kind, especially if it be a wo containing thought, forces one think clearly. And in the case the Prophet the mind was, in way, checked up in its thinking.

So far as matters of style are c cerned, three things may be said the *Book of Mormon*. One already been suggested—isola expressions of truth in a rat forceful way. A second is theme. Is this high or low? A the third is clearness, as compa with the Bible. Vigor, clearn and a high theme are literary q

ities that are not to be overlooked in writing.

Let us take up each of these in turn.

Some of the rather striking things in the *Book of Mormon*—purple patches, in fact—may be given here. Not all that can be found there by any means, but enough to give an idea as to whether, in point of phrasing alone, the Nephite record is as contemptible as is sometimes represented.

1. "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy.

2. "I would exhort you that ye would come unto Christ, and lay hold upon every good gift, and touch not the evil gift, nor the unclean thing.

3. "The Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth of them.

4. "O, that I were an angel and could have the wish of my heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people.

5. "Ye have called me your king; and if I, whom ye call your king, do labor to serve you, then ought ye not to labor to serve one another? And also if I, whom ye call your king have spent his days in your service and in the service of God without meriting any thanks from you, O how you ought to thank your Heavenly Father.

6. "I will tell you of the wrestle which I had before God, before I received a remission of my sins. Behold, I went to hunt beasts in the forest; and the words of my father, which I had often heard my father speak concerning eternal life and the joy of the saints, sunk deep into my heart. And my soul hungered. And I kneeled down before my Maker, and cried unto him in mighty prayer and supplication. And all the day did I cry unto him, and when the night came I did still raise my voice high that it reached the heavens. And there came a voice unto me, saying, 'Enos, thy sins are forgiven, and thou shalt be blessed.' And I knew that God could not lie; wherefore my guilt was swept away.

7. "If it were possible that you could have just men to be your kings, * * * then it would be expedient that ye should have kings to rule over you. * * * But because all men are not just, it is not expedient that ye should have a king or kings to rule over you. For behold, how much iniquity doth one king cause to be committed, and what destruction. * * * Ye cannot dethrone an iniquitous king, save it be through much contention and the shedding of much blood. For he hath his friends in iniquity, and he keepeth his guards about him. He teareth up the laws of those who have reigned in righteousness before him, and enacteth laws after the manner of his own wickedness. Thus an unrighteous king doth pervert the ways of all righteousness. It is expedient that such abominations should come to an end.

"Therefore, choose you by the voice of this people, judges, that ye may be judged according to the laws which have been given by your fathers. It is not common that the voice of the people desireth anything contrary to that which is right, but it is common for the lesser part of the people to desire that which is not right. Therefore, this shall ye observe and make it your law—to do your business by the voice of the people. And if the time comes that the voice of the people doth choose

iniquity, then is the time that God will visit you with destruction."

These passages are well worth attention from more than one angle. They are not inappropriately worded. They are crystal clear on their face. The thought in all of them points to the universal in human life—to truths, that is, which hold good under all conditions of life. And at least one of them, the first, suggests an answer to an age-old question as to the purpose of life. Observe the use of the word "joy" instead of "happiness."

Every book has a general atmosphere, by reason of which it is good or bad or merely neutral in its effects. If a book is wholesome, it is largely because it has a good atmosphere. And atmosphere is created and sustained by means of ideas and characters chiefly.

What is the atmosphere of the *Book of Mormon?*

That atmosphere is well put by one of the early converts to "Mormonism"—George Cannon, father of the late president George Q. Cannon. He said, "No wicked man could write such a book as this; and no good man would write it, unless it were true and he were commanded of God to do so."

Every book, if it can be called a book at all, has a theme also. A theme is a general thought, or purpose, running through it like a thread; it is the thought for which the work was produced. Whether the book is a work of fiction, an historical narrative, or the development of a subject through explanation or argument, it must nevertheless have a theme by which the details are tied together. And the work is valuable, other things remaining the same, according as its theme is high or low, universal or local in its appeal.

The theme of the *Book of Mormon* is expressed in what may be called the preface to that volume written by Moroni. It is "the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal God *manifesting himself unto all nations.*"

If there can be a higher theme than that, one would be hard put to find it. First, it clears up an ambiguity of the *New Testament* as to the divinity of Christ. And then, secondly, it shows the universality of idea of God's interest in mankind.

As for the characters in the *Book of Mormon,* the topic is too large for treatment in this place. So this aspect of the subject is left to question, and may be dealt with at the discretion of the teacher.

Questions

1. How important is the form in which an idea or a book is cast as compared with the idea or the theme? Explain with reference to the *Book of Mormon.*

2. Read or quote some of the statements of the Record, to show (a) their good phrasing, (b) their truth, and (c) their universality.

3. What is meant by a theme? Give the themes of works like *Silas Marner,* by George Eliot, or *Influencing Human Behavior,* by Overstreet. Why is the theme of the *Book of Mormon* a high one?

4. Take some one of the characters in the Nephite Record and after reading all that the Record says about them, work up an essay or a short speech in which you give (a) a brief account of what the characters did, (b) what they said and thought, and (c) what they were in their qualities. Be sure, however, not to make anything up, but to have authority in the text for everything you say.

5. How do you account for the errors in grammar and composition in the *Book of Mormon?* What bearing does the answer to this question have on the claims to divine origin for the work?

Work and Business

(Second Week in December)

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be unto this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."—Mark 10:14.

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

From this text we may draw three lessons. The first is our duty to our children in directing them to Jesus; the second, in keeping ourselves active and interested in, and devoted to the Church; the third, that in order to enter the kingdom of God one must have childlike faith, humility and love.

Interpreting the meaning of our Savior into modern language, we would translate the text into words something like this: "Encourage and teach your children to come to me; persuade them by a righteous example and influence to love me; do not hinder them, nor cause them to turn from me by your own thoughtlessness and indifference; because children are naturally full of faith and sweetness and friendliness and love."

Children, in their early years, live in a world apart from ours. They are very near to heaven and things spiritual. Before they are very old, however, they begin to feel their own personality, and the possibilities of self. In developing this new found individuality they are certain to become self-willed and intractable. These early human tendencies checked and directed in a proper manner will avert improper thoughts and the forming of little habits which may lead into disobedience and sin. While they are young it is a simple matter to instil into their eager, searching minds, the lovely truths of our Gospel. They can be readily brought to understand that cleanness is more attractive than foulness; that honesty is more gratifying than dishonor; that harmony with parents and with Jesus is more delightful than the unhappiness which discord and opposition bring. There is small danger of children disregarding the admonition of their parents if they have been taught to love, honor and obey them. Children need love and sympathy. They should always have the deep consciousness of the love their parents have for them.

Without lowering our standards or retracting from our position of integrity, we would do well to try to understand the modern viewpoint. While still holding fast to our ideals, we should acquire a sympathy for the struggles of youth. Afraid of life and ignorant of its problems, they assume a bravado which they do not feel. Assailed on every hand by doubts, skepticism, and iniquity, unless they are held securely in the bonds of love, they are bound to wander. Youth resents regulations and restrictions unless back of these is the love that will make them appreciate and understand the reason for guidance. It is impossible to

legislate virtue into people. We cannot force righteousness on anyone. Jesus taught us that.

All through the Bible, and our other Church works, we read exhortations to parents to lead their children in the ways of God.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shall talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

"And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

"And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates."—Deuteronomy 6:5-9.

"Only take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: but teach them thy sons, and thy sons' sons;"—Deuteronomy 4:9.

Environment, example, and attending of meetings are necessary and vital. But there must be something more. For every flower in your garden there are perhaps a thousand weeds. For every holy thought in the world there are a thousand vicious, destructive ones. Children, more than adults, come in contact with these. Unless young people are securely grounded in faith, and trained in discrimination, they will succumb to the influences by which they are constantly attacked.

Literature

(Third Week in December)

The Short Story in Sweden

Sweden has given at least three world figures to literature in this last half century: August Strindberg, a novelist, dramatist, and story writer of contemporary Scandinavian life; Selma Lagerlof, known best for her novels and tales that depict the soul of the northern peasant, and who writes with imagination and spiritual fervor; and Per Hallstrom, a scientist who evolved an almost perfect form of writing short stories, the greater part of which dwelt on the theme of death. All of them belong to the twentieth century, Strindberg, the oldest, dying in 1912, and the other two still living and writing.

In the text there is a story from each, but because Selma Lagerlof, whose writing is nearest our own beliefs is a woman and one of the great world figures, she will be given the major consideration in this lesson.

It is doubtful if any class instructor will want to use the Strindberg story. He was the leader of Swedish Naturalism and his "Love and Bread" is Naturalism in one of its most unpleasant forms. In addition it would take a great deal of studying to understand him. He was a restless soul—an atheist, a simple believer in the Bible, an intense Socialist, an extreme anti-Socialist, a worshipper of Nature, a devout follower of civilization, a humanist and one of the greatest woman haters of all history—and three times married. All his life he was

a solitary man, stricken with a persecution mania, and never finding peace. But his influence will be felt, not only in our time, but also in the ages to come. His genius touched all forms of writing; it was greatest in the drama. There have been few writers who have been able to throw aside men's thin surface personality and get down to the elementary human as has Strindberg. However, he is not for every reader.

It was in the 90's that Per Hallstrom became the great master of short story writing in Sweden. He was born in Stockholm in 1866. While he was still a young man he came to America and lived in Chicago as a scientist. Even in his youth he was ruled almost solely by his intelligence, and he did not find America to be a land of promise—for him at least. He went back to Sweden and began to write seriously. He can describe the realities of life well enough, yet his imagination rules his writings. Swedish subjects did not always give him enough play for this quality, and from time to time he ventured into the lore of the Southern countries and into the life of the Middle Ages. Some of his best known stories are: "Stray Birds," "Purple," "A Secret Idyl," "A Humble Tragedy," "Melchior," and "The Falcon." Death, in some form moves through all of them.

"The Falcon," found in the text, is a masterpiece of the Medieval story. In it beauty and horror are almost inseparable. From the standpoint of short story technique—smoothness of plot, handling of characters, harmony of style and content, and touch of fantasy—it could scarcely be bettered. Each word is chosen as carefully as an old master selected his colors.

It is the story of a cruel nobleman who caused the death of a peasant lad, because the lad had rescued the nobleman's favorite falcon and failed to return it. Hallstrom uses a favorite device of Medieval stories—very much like the one Shakespeare used in "The Merchant of Venice." He has the selfish nobleman resurrect an ancient law, one whereby a person who had stolen a falcon with the mark of a knight on his foot must pay a sum of silver or six ounces of flesh, torn from his ribs by the beak of a famished falcon.

The story is filled with word-jeweled pictures: the Iceland falcon flying, Renaud's joy in this noble bird and his mysticism, the proud Medieval ladies who came to see the death scene, and a dozen others. The last sentence makes a perfect ending. It shows the viciousness of the nobleman, the cruelty of the boy's death, and the meting of justice to the falcon that had dared to forget its master.

Some instructors may prefer this story because of its perfection of form and style, but there are two reasons against its choice. It is not representative of Swedish life and its pervading tone is that of sadness.

Selma Lagerlof reveals the country people of Sweden. She was of the country herself, born in Vermland in 1850 on the estate called Marbacka. Her family had lived in Vermland for hundreds of years; she grew up loving and revering her home and its customs, its legends, and its people. During her younger years the upper class to which she belonged still lived a festive and hospitable life on the country estates. The influence of these years is found in many of her books.

It was Miss Lagerlof's intention to become a teacher. She went to Stockholm to prepare for the examinations which all prospective teach-

ers must pass. As she studied, she thought often of the old stories and decided to combine them into a novel. The Northern countries in those days were writing with sober realism, and her book was to be filled with gayety and knightly chivalry. Not until the 90's, when she decided to forsake the ways of contemporary realism, was she able to produce her book. "Gosta Berling's Saga" was its title, and it is one of the great books of all time.

It is a story swarming in characters and plots, and all are bound together by the charming and shiftless figure of Gosta Berling.

In the fairy tale she has also won a permanent place. In this form she gives most of her psychology and philosophy of life. Like Hans Christian Anderson she gives a character to animals and life to inanimate things, but her tales have one serious drawback. She sometimes overdoes the moral and she occasionally falls into child-like sentimentality. She has a deep and cheerful faith and her books all teach love and charity and tolerance. She is extremely popular in Sweden. In 1909 she was awarded the Nobel prize in literature, and since then her fame has gone into many countries. Critics say that four of her books, at least, will become part of the world's literary heritage: "Gosta Berling's Saga," "Jerusalem," a story of the religious movement among the peasants, "The Adventures of Nils," collections of Swedish fairy tales and folk lore, and "The Christ Legends," charming tales of miracles. Briefly summing her characteristics, she is a vigorous and original writer with a vivid and inventive imagination, and imbued with a true Christian regard for her fellow men.

For this series of lessons it would have been fortunate if the textbook authors had chosen one of Miss Lagerlof's Christ tales in the place of "The Eclipse." However, the "Christ Legends" is available in translation and some instructors may be able to find the book and use a different story. "The Christmas Rose," found in the collection or in a book called "Sweden's Best Stories" is beautifully told and will be an especially appropriate subject for this time of year.

"The Eclipse" is the story of an old peasant woman and tells of country life in a wild and solitary region. In the guise of the old country woman the author gives her philosophy of life—faith in the new day; courage to live it; and thankfulness for every manifestation of God no matter how humble a person's circumstances may be. Prosaic as the subject is, Miss Lagerlof shows us a glimpse in old Beda's worship of the sun, of the mysticism that permeates all her writing.

Miss Lagerlof's description of the people in this story will remind some of us of life in the remote villages of Utah and other western states a few decades ago: the men working all day in the fields; the children in school; the older children gone from the village to far away places; the women working in their cabins but anxious for companionship; and the peaceful Sabbath. But there is one great difference. These Swedish people, living close to the dark mountains, were often without the sun. Another difference was the women's fear of pleasure, merely for the sake of pleasure. They must have some good reason to come together for an afternoon of talk and eating of specially prepared food. And it must never be on a holy or Sabbath day.

Old Beda wanted to give a party

but she could think of no good reason to have one. She had only a cat—and anyone knew it was foolish to give a party for a cat. In her searchings she found that there was to be an eclipse of the sun. She gave a party; yet she was a little fearful of giving the explanation. It was not until the warmth of the newly eclipsed sun touched the women and made them cheerful that she dared to sing: "Thy shining sun goes up again, I thank thee, O my Lord!"

This story with its one well-defined character and its lack of plot is quite typical of part of Miss Lagerlof's work. It portrays the people in a sympathetic light; describes the country she loves; and is as simple and sincere in style and structure as the people of whom she wrote. Because it is a story of character and local setting, it must be read and not re-told to be appreciated.

Questions on "The Eclipse"

1. In what ways is this story typically Swedish? In what ways does it have a universal appeal?

2. What do you know of Miss Lagerlof's philosophy of life from reading this story?

3. Will you be able to recognize other of her stories after reading this one? Why?

4. Does this story contain any of the mysticism that runs through her works?

5. Was Beda a pleasant, well balanced person? Give reasons for your answer.

6. Why did Beda choose to celebrate the day of the eclipse? How did she make the other women appreciate her feeling for the sun?

7. Why was it necessary for the women to find a special day before they could celebrate?

8. What things in this story show the seriousness of the Northern people?

9. Briefly describe the every-day lives of these people.

10. Which is emphasized the most in "The Eclipse," plot or character?

**Annunciation Day,* the 25th of March, sometimes called "Our Lady's Day." Supposed to be the date when the angel Gabriel announced to Mary the incarnation of Christ.

Suggestive list for further reading in Scandinavian literature (English translations):

Bjornson—"Three Comedies," "Armljot Glline," "Beyond Our Power," "The New System," "Poems and Songs."

Bojer—"The Face of the World," "The Great Hunger," "A Pilgrimage."

Hallstrom—"Selected Short Stories."

Hamsun—"Children of the Age," "Dreamers," "Growth of the Soil," "Hunger."

Ibsen—"Collected Works."

Lagerlof—"Christ Legends," "Gosta Berling's Saga," "Emperor of Portugallia," "From a Swedish Homestead," "Further Adventures of Nils," "Marbacka," "The Holy City."

Nexo—"Days in the Sun," "Pelle, the Conqueror."

Rolvaag—"Giants in the Earth," "Peder Victorious."

Strindberg—"Plays," First Series, Second Series, Third and Fourth Series, "Married."

Sigrid Undset—"Jenny."

Modern Swedish Masterpieces—"Norway's Best Stories," "Sweden's Best Stories," "Denmark's Best Stories."

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

Personality Study: Influencing People by Letters and Conversation

(Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 71-139)

What degree of ability do you now have to use your mother tongue correctly and effectively in the various situations of life? Are you making any really serious efforts to further improve whatever of this ability you may have? Since most of us have little occasion to write for publication or to deliver public addresses we may do well in this discussion to confine ourselves to the more common matters of letter-writing and conversation.

Much has already been said and written about how to improve our use of language. Most of these discussions, however, take up literary matters—things we must know about grammar, composition and the more mechanical aspects of the problem. It is our purpose to emphasize another important point of view—one that is seldom given the prominence that it should have. It is that both writing and speaking are essentially psychological enterprises. Language is an important form of human behavior. It is the chief means we use to stimulate our associates so as to influence their behavior in some desired manner. Also by means of language we respond to many of the stimuli which affect us. It is a means we have of expressing our personalities.

Our text has a good deal to say about this point of view. How foolish it is to believe that the mere matter of taking one or more courses in rhetoric, composition or oral expression is enough to make one's writing and conversation worthwhile, artistic and effective! The lack of such opportunities do not mean that one has nothing of genuine worth to express nor that one cannot cultivate the ability to say it well.

Overstreet is quite in agreement with other thoughtful writers when he insists that it is the person behind the words that counts. Consider Lincoln's Gettysburg address and "note how inevitably personality shines through the printed words. "Whether we will it or not," says Overstreet, "it is the personality back of the writing which gives the writing such power or lack of power as it possesses." And then he adds "the problem of effective writing is most deeply of all psychological."

Professor Suzzallo recognizes that back of all worthwhile communications are always worthwhile personalities for says he:

"* * * there can be no cultivation of the power to use English without an adequate development of enriched thought to be expressed. * * * We cannot transmit the power of using English. In the last analysis good English usage is a matter of self cultivation."

It will be recognized that we are again stressing the main theme of our course—the importance of living a rich and abundant life. That is where Jesus placed the emphasis for he says, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." (John 10:10). And we must not substitute the ability to repeat this or sim-

ilar phrases for a sincere effort to actually live the life.

Now of course this "life" or personality enhancement that we so frequently bring to the front has many different phases and we shall be unable to discuss here more than a few of these. Just at this time we wish to make a few observations about the tendency we all have to go to seed in relation to language problems. We seem very prone to be quite satisfied with superficial evidences of life such as the ability to walk about, to eat three meals a day, and so on. In significant respects we may have died years ago. We may have gradually lost the evidences of life and youth.

When did you experience your last real enthusiasm? To what extent are you playful? How often do you afford pleasant surprises to those who know you best? Do you tend to conserve your energy so much that you avoid energy-consuming hobbies? How many useful new words have you recently added to your vocabulary? Do you object to using a dictionary or encyclopedia? Are you content to have someone else do your thinking for you? Do you act on the theory that social progress takes place automatically? Do you lazily wish for God to force the Millennium upon us and to begin solving our problems for us? Do you think that all radical changes in point of view, say in politics or religion, should be made by the other fellow—not you? Do your habits of thought and action tend to be of the ready-made and sober variety—such as befit a very proper average man? Is your speech and letter writing crowded with cliches, (pronounce kle shays) those stereotyped and commonplace expressions that we meet with on every hand? Would your friends tend to class you as a bromide or a sulphite? (See *Magazine* for November, 1930, pages 631-632.)

Perhaps we have been helped by these questions to see that we have a need to resist tendencies which give us away to our friends as being more dead right now than we should like to admit. It is obvious that we should not be too self-satisfied and that we should impress people as being really alive—as being breezy and refreshing to be with. We must be willing to pay the price in docility, activity, growing pains, and sincere efforts to keep growing and developing. If we but try persistently enough we can all make significant progress in developing the kind of personality traits that will make our letter-writing and conversations have something back of them which will be readily recognized as interesting and of great worth.

We come now to another fundamental consideration. It is that the successful speaker or writer must understand and appreciate the probable emotional and intellectual responses of his listener or reader. As we have already intimated the problem is not merely one of self-expression, but it is also one of communication. It is important to measure one's success in terms of the effect that is likely to be produced upon the person or persons to whom we are writing or speaking.

The content and style of a well-written letter is influenced quite as much by the personality of the one who is to receive it as by the one who writes it. Who will deny that congregations have much to do with the kind of sermons that are preached to them? Even art and literature cannot wholly escape being judged by their contribution to life and the kind of life lived by the appreciators of art and literature

will in turn be reflected to some extent in the products presented for their enjoyment.

In writing a letter we should do our best to put ourselves in the place of the one who is to receive it. Just what particular things will he want or need to know about? What are his hobbies, interests and desires? What are his dislikes? How is he likely to take this or that particular bit of news? What is the probable nature of some of his recent experiences? What are his sentiments toward me and the things that I like especially or dislike. Will he be bored by the various things I tend most frequently to mention in my letters to other correspondents? What is his background of experience and education? Will I make the wrong impression if I adopt a chatty or familiar style? Have I shown due regard for his sincerity and earnestness in those matters where we might tend to disagree?

It is a fact that many letters are uninteresting and fall short of being as effective as they could be, simply because their writers have failed to even try to consider the persons to whom they were sent. They may be quite well written if judged wholly from the point of view of self-expression. Only a supreme egotist could assume that he has no obligation in a letter to consider anyone else than himself. The Golden Rule applies here just as it does in other social relations. (Matt. 7:12.)

The writer was impressed recently with the ability of the psychologist, William James, as a letter-writer. Although he was a person of great achievements and had a right to assume that others would gladly attend to whatever he had to say, he could adapt himself even to the thought processes of a little child. I quote here part of a letter to hi eight year old son.

"The young man of the house had sho a little wolf called a coyote in the earl morning. The heroic little animal la on the ground, with his big furry ear and his clean white teeth, and his jol cheerful little body, but his brave litt life was gone. It made me think ho brave all these living things are. He little coyote was, without any clothes c house or books or anything, with nothin but his own naked self to pay his wa with, and risking his life so cheerfully- and losing it—just to see if he cou pick up a meal near the hotel. He w doing his coyote-business like a hero, an you must do your boy-business, and my man-business bravely too, or els we won't be worth as much as that litt coyote."

We see here how Professor Jame was able to write a choice letter tha no doubt the little boy was glad t keep and re-read many times. Wha do you think about the probabilit that it actually influenced the boy i the way that the father desired?

In the art of conversation th same principles apply. We need t be worth listening to and we nee to have due regard for the listene Conversation should be easier tha writing for we can adjust more rea ily to the likes and dislikes of ou listeners. Appropriate physical e pression and a pleasing voice he a good deal. Then too we can e tend the courtesy of being good li teners and that predisposes the me bers of the group to listen wi consideration to what we may ha to say.

Conversation at its best is ce tainly a very high accomplishmen A person can be recognized as bei well-educated when he uses his la guage "with power and beauty When we have such people engag in friendly conversation we ha what has been called "the supre and ultimate product of civilizatio

Contrast this with what one hea much too often. There may

harsh rasping voices sometimes even fairly yelling at each other. Or one may be carrying on in a dull monotone while the other occasionally merely grunts a very brief answer. Slang and profanity sometimes crop out and mar what is said. At least they are to be regarded as confessions of weakness rather than evidences of power. Nice shades of meaning are not expressed because of the very limited vocabulary possessed, or because the words that are known are overworked or used carelessly. Sometimes there is not even an attempt to say very much. At other times what is said is mere worthless gossip or even slander.

Let us make a genuine and persistent effort to improve the character of both our letter-writing and our conversations.

Some Problems for Discussion

1. Kimball says, "In the art of speaking and writing good English there is no tool of so great importance as a good authoritative dictionary." Study such a dictionary for about an hour to find out the different types of help one may obtain from it. List your findings and report briefly to the class. Do you agree with Kimball's statement? Give reasons.

2. In a recent magazine article these are the things mentioned to include in your conversations and letters if you want to be sure to make people hate you: "I don't agree with you at all. * * * I don't like your friend. * * * Anybody could do that. * * * I know better. * * * I'll tell you exactly where you failed. * * * As I was saying. * * I used to think so a while back. * * That is nothing but prejudice," etc. What do you think of people who do this? What sort of phrases would you substitute for these if you wished to make a better impression? What more fundamental change would likely be necessary than a mere change of phrases?

3. Comment in relation to this lesson upon the following description of the educated man by J. H. Newman:

"He knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect * * * He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome."

4. Many people believe and act as though "our greatness and welfare (were) proved by our being very rich." Contrast this standard with the conversation standard referred to in the lesson or with the following from Matthew Arnold:

"Consider these people, then, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come forth out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds."

5. Explain what type of person is referred to as a bromide; a sulphite. Explain and illustrate what is meant by a cliche.

6. Give the best practical suggestions you know of for improving one's written English. (See *Magazine* for October, 1930, page 575, problems 7-8.

My Masterpiece

Third Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the 1930 Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest

By Katheryn L. Clyde

Ambition knocked upon my door
And took possession of my heart.
Such wondrous things she promised me
In field of letters—music—art.

"Thou shalt be known through all the world,
Thy name be heard on every lip,
With laurels shalt thy brow be crowned,
At fortune's fountain shalt thou sip."

My heart beat high with joy and hope.
"I'll give myself to art," I cried.
But lo! My love rode by, and all
My dreams of art I put aside.

"Some day I'll take them up again
And realize my hopes; just now
Life beckons with insistent hand,
Before her threshold I must bow."

The days flew by on winged feet.
My heart was happy and content.
Each day a hundred homely tasks
To fill the fleeting hours, were sent.

"Next year I'll paint my masterpiece
And all who gaze shall call it good.
Today, my efforts I must spend
Upon the shrine of Motherhood."

My pen and brush still idle lay,
My lips breathed forth no melody
Until at length Ambition cried,
"A traitor hast thou been to me!"

My heart grew sick with grim despair,
Why had I failed to reach my aim?
If life held naught but this for me
Some way I must have been to blame.

When to my soul a whispered voice
My troubled spirit brought surcease.
"For in these little ones," it said,
"Behold! Thy greatest Masterpiece!"

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